

# THE LADY'S OWN PAPER

News of the Week,

Fashions, Fiction, Music and the Drama, Varieties, &c.

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REV. NORMAN MACLEOD,  
D.D.

THE life-like portrait which we this week present to our readers is that of a gentleman long well-known in Scotland, and his name has been rendered familiar within the last few years in thousands of English homes through his connexion, as editor, with a periodical that has proved immensely popular, particularly in the religious world, and may, we think, be fairly considered to have raised the standard of the religious periodical literature of our time; while he now promises, through the instrumentality of his recent venture, *Good Words for the Young*, to become as great a favourite with thousands of Sunday-school children as he has proved to be with their parents and teachers. His literary labours have been especially recognised and appreciated in the home circle, and hence it is, coupled with the fact that the choice of Her Majesty fell on him as the editor of the illustrated edition of her pleasant volume of social reminiscences, that we decided to assign him this position in our columns.

Dr. Norman Macleod is one of the most prominent ministers of the Established Church of Scotland, and is deservedly popular as a preacher, as well as a writer; though his liberal views in reference to the Sabbath question have given offence in certain quarters. The son of the Rev. Dr. Macleod, minister of St. Columba's, Glasgow, he was born in 1812, in Argyllshire, and was educated at Edinburgh and Glasgow, and subsequently in Germany. Having taken orders, he became minister of Loudoun, Ayrshire, in 1838; of Dalkeith in 1843; and of the Barony parish, Glasgow, in 1851, and over this he still presides. In 1858 he obtained his degree of D.D., and he is also one of Her Majesty's chaplains for Scotland, often preaching before the Royal Family in that capacity at Balmoral.

He became first favourably known in Scotland as an author by the publication of religious works of a practical character, such as his "Earnest Student: Memorials of Macintosh," published so far back as 1847; but in England it was undoubtedly the starting of *Good Words* in 1860 that brought him prominently into notice; and indeed most, if not all of his later works have been republished from that periodical, embracing the "Parish Papers," issued in a volume in 1862, "The Old Lieutenant and his Son," "Reminiscences of a Highland Parish," &c.

Dr. Macleod has travelled considerably. So far



REV. NORMAN MACLEOD, D.D.  
(From a Photograph.)

back as 1846 he was chosen by the General Assembly to accompany Dr. Simpson, and his uncle, Dr. John Macleod, to visit the Churches in the colonies of North America, thus forming one of the first missionary deputations ever sent thither by the Church of Scotland. He has since travelled in many lands, and has generally published his experiences. Thus, in 1855, he contributed a series of papers to the magazine over which he presides, and these were reprinted early in the following year in one volume, with the laconic yet expressive title "Eastward." The author sailed from Marseilles for Alexandria, ran up the Nile to Cairo, crossed to Suez, and, returning to Alexandria, took sea for Jaffa, whence he rode to Jerusalem, Bethlehem, and Jericho—to Nablus, Nazareth, Tiberias, and Damascus—and so came home again; and, being a gentleman of taste and culture, as well as the possessor of broad, hearty humour, combined with considerable powers of observation, he was enabled to make his narrative of travels an exceedingly pleasant, and

than a statistical table of birth and death. Many of these Highland churchyards, so solitary and so far removed from the busy haunts of men, are, nevertheless, singularly touching and beautiful. Some are on green islands, where silence is disturbed only by the solemn thunder of the great ocean wave, or the ripple of the island lake; some are in great wide glens round the ruins of a chapel, where prayers were once offered by early missionaries, who, with noble aim and holy ambition, penetrated these wild and savage haunts; while others break the green swards about the parish church on ground where God has been worshipped since the days of St. Columba. One of the most beautiful I ever witnessed is on a small green island in Loch Chiel, in Argyllshire. The loch for nearly twenty miles is as yet innocent of roads on either shore, so that the tourist who visits the place has to navigate the lake in a rude country boat; and if he attempts to sail he must do so with blankets attached, probably, to the oar, and then trust to a fair wind. Yet

not altogether un instructive one.

In the summer of 1867 he published in a volume his "Reminiscences of a Highland Parish," and very interesting indeed are many of the facts and fancies brought together, especially the picture of the minister, his simple household, and his rude parishioners, with the anecdotes illustrative of Highland life and character, and the occasional tales of active life and adventure, though the style of the writer is not, perhaps, always so happy as it might be. We find space for one brief extract and favourable specimen, however, from this gossiping work, and it shall be on the Scottish churchyard:

"The Highland churchyard," says the author, "is a spot which seldom betrays any other traces of human art or care than those simple headstones which mark its green graves. In very few instances is it enclosed; its graves generally mingle with the mountain pasture and blooming heather, and afford shelter to the sheep and lamb from the blast of winter and the heat of summer. But, although not consecrated by holy prayer and religious ceremony, there are nevertheless holy spots in the hearts and memories of the peasantry, who never pass them without a subdued look which betokens a feeling of respect for the silent sleepers. To deck a father's or mother's grave would be, in the estimation of the Highlander, to turn it into a flower-garden. He thinks it utter vanity to attempt to express his grief or respect for the departed by any ornament beyond the tombstone, whose inscription is seldom more



what can be more delicious than thus to glide along the shore with a crew that won't speak till they are spoken to, and in silence gaze upon the ever varying scene; to skim past the bights and bays with their reedy margins; the headlands tufted with waving birch; the gulfy torrents pouring down their foaming waterfalls and 'blowing their trumpets from the steep'; with the coppice of oak and hazel that covers the sides of the mountain from the deep dark water up to the green pasture; and beyond, the bare rocks that pierce the blue."

In the autumn of the same year (1867) Dr. Macleod started on a somewhat lengthy tour to the East, and the more general details of this journey he is about to record in a series of twelve papers, entitled "Peeps at the Far East," the first of which has just appeared. This was not, as was his run through Palestine a few years previously, a mere pleasure trip, for he was sent out to India by the Church of which he is so distinguished a member, to inquire into the true state and prospects of Christian missions there, with special reference to the Church of Scotland. On his return to England he published, in a pamphlet form, an earnest "Address on Indian Missions."

Dr. Macleod is a great admirer of Scottish scenery, and being familiar with the Highlands as well as the people, he has presented us with some happy pictures of Highland cottage life in his writings. It was with much satisfaction, therefore, that his friends and admirers received the announcement a few months ago that the Queen had kindly permitted him to write the description of Scottish scenery for the illustrated edition of Her Majesty's charming volume, "Our Life in the Highlands." Speaking of this, by the way, we are reminded of a capital story told by Dr. William Arnot at a *soirée* in Edinburgh, and with this we must conclude our notice. It seems that Dr. Macleod and Dr. Watson were in the West Highlands together on a tour ere leaving for India. While crossing a loch in a boat, in company with a number of other passengers, a sudden storm overtook them, and one of the passengers was heard to say, with much concern, "that the two ministers should begin an' pray, or we'll a' be drowned." "Na, na," was the quick reply of the boatman, throwing considerable emphasis into his broad Scotch, "the little ane can pray if he likes, but the big ane maun tak' an oar."

#### THE SHIP BOY'S LETTER.

HERE'S a letter from Robin, father,  
A letter from over the sea,  
I was sure that the spark in the wick last night  
Meant there was one for me;  
And I laugh'd to see the postman's face  
Look in at the dairy park,  
For you said it was so woman-like  
To put my trust in a spark.  
"Dear father and mother, and granny,  
I write on the breech of a gun;  
And think, as I sit at the porthole  
And look at the setting sun,  
Father's smoking his pipe beside you,  
While you 'holy-stone' the porch;  
Or are getting clean rigging ready  
For to-morrow's cruise to church."  
"You mustn't be hard on the writing,  
For what with ropes and with tar,  
My fingers went crook as they ought to,  
And spelling is harder far;  
And every minute a lurch comes  
And spoils the look of my 's;  
And I blot 'em instead of dot 'em,  
And I can't get my words of a size."  
"Tell Bessie I don't forget her;  
But every Saturday night,  
When we're chatting of home in the twilight,  
And our pipes are all alight,  
And I'm ask'd to toast the lass I love,  
I name sweet Bessie Green."  
("O father, to think of his doing that,  
And the monkey scarce fifteen!")  
"And, granny, the yarns you spin all day,  
In the corner off the door,  
Won't be half so long and so tough as mine,  
When I see you all ashore.  
You maybe won't swallow flying-fish,  
But I'll bring you one or two;  
And some Maltese lace for topsail gear,  
And a fan for you know who."  
"Then goodbye to each dear face at home,  
'Till I press it with my lips,  
While you pray each night for 'ships at sea,'  
And 'God speed all sea ships!'  
I smile as I rock in my hammock,  
Tho' storms may shriek and strain;  
For I feel when we pray for each other,  
We're sure to meet again."

BY THE LATE JOHN JAMES LONGSDALE.

An article from the pen of the Rev. Newman Hall, on "The Relations of Husbands and Wives," appears in the last number of the *New York Independent*. Love on the part of the husband, and submission on the part of the wife, is its theme. It concludes thus: "Let Christian husbands take Christ as their model. Their love should be generous, self-sacrificing, enduring as His. If beauty fades, or riches flee, or health declines, then love should still burn on, the warmer as it is needed more—for richer for poorer, in sickness and in health! It should be tender and gentle, not satisfying itself with doing a few good things, and complying with the larger demands of the relationship; but doing it gently, generously, lovingly, 'nourishing and cherishing her even as the Lord the Church.' Oh what a model is the tenderness of Christ! Oh what happy homes, what paradises would abound if, on the one hand, wives were subject to their husbands as the Church is subject to Christ; and if, on the other hand, husbands loved their wives as Christ loved the Church!"

## Gith All Her Faults.

### AN IRISH TALE.

BY SHIRLEY GERRARD,

Author of "The Old, Old Story," "Letters from a Country Cousin," &c., &c.

#### CHAPTER XII.



COURTENAY could not have suffered very keenly from "home sickness," for he remained abroad for more than two years. He went to India to shoot tigers, and at Calcutta met with his

old friend Edward Fortescue, who thus wrote about him to his sister:—

"Harry is quite the rage here, and we poor devils in H.M.S. are in total eclipse. They cannot live without him at Government House, owing, it is said, to the favour shown to Master H. by the Governor's pretty niece. Confound it, Nora, I wish you and he had not quarrelled; although he has, in my opinion, an awful temper. Sometimes shuts himself up for days, and then out again, the gayest of the gay."

Miss Fortescue's own temper at that time was not the best in the world; always wilful, she was now headstrong, and even obstinate; she lived in an unceasing whirl of gaiety, and Carrigmurragh was always crowded with guests. She went everywhere, too—to balls, races, picnics, private theatricals; but there was one amusement in which it was observed she never again took part—that of hunting. She would occasionally appear at a meet in a pony-carriage, but on horseback never.

But at all hours, late and early, wet or dry, storm or calm, she might be met riding about the country, and generally unattended. She would start early and come home late, stiff with fatigue, and often wet through.

"It does me good," she would say, in answer to her father's anxious remonstrance; "I feel as if I should go mad, smirking and smiling through life as I do."

But it was not to last for ever. Some months of the third year since Courtenay's departure had passed, when Mr. Fortescue had a serious and, as it proved, a fatal illness. Nora was watching by his bed a few hours before the end came, when she was startled by hearing that Mr. Courtenay had called to ask for the sick man; and when she saw him again after their long separation, it was from the window at which she stood to watch her father's funeral as it slowly moved away from the house. In the absence of young Fortescue, Courtenay had taken the place of chief mourner.

"I never felt alone before," the poor girl murmured, as she turned away; "and I might have had him to comfort me if only—"

During the next week a daily messenger arrived from Kildarra to inquire for Miss Fortescue. Kavanagh, who still retained his place in Courtenay's household, generally contrived to be the bearer of the few simple courteous words in which the young man ventured to express his sympathy for the woman whom he still so fondly loved. But one day the servant hinted to his master that he thought Miss Fortescue did not like to be inquired after. He had seen her, he explained, and she had said, quite sharply he thought, "I am much obliged. Pray tell Mr. Courtenay that I am quite well."

Courtenay took the hint, and inquired no more; and he never guessed how sorely Nora missed the daily act of kindness.

Invitations from kind and sympathising friends poured in upon the lovely girl, but she refused them all; neither did she ask anyone to stay with her at Carrigmurragh, but remained quite alone in the large and solitary house, acting as agent for her brother, and making herself acquainted with the details and working of the estate. The old steward, Terry Macan, who had lived in the family for nearly fifty years, was astonished at her aptitude for business.

"Ah, Miss Nora, it's yourself has the long head!" he would say, unable to restrain his admiration.

Any news of the world immediately outside the park-gates which she heard would come from him. He dearly loved a bit of gossip, and Nora would let him flow on, sometimes listening to him, but as often not hearing what he said.

"Ah, thin, Miss Nora," he began one morning, some months after Mr. Fortescue's death—many months indeed, for the summer had passed, and it was the beginning of October—"ye'd never guess who I met last night jest at the one-mile stone on the Kildarra-road? Poor little Susy, that used to live here as kitchen-maid—purty Susy Connelly; as likely a little girl as ever tied a shoe. Ye mind her, Miss Nora?"

"Is it possible, Terry? I have so often wondered how it was that we never heard anything of her after she ran away."

"There was enough suspected, Miss darlin', though maybe ye niver heard it, and I'm afear'd it's all true, for she had a baby on her arms, and whin she seen me comin' meetin' her she tried to hide it in her old shawl. O dear! O dear! but she's gone entirely. I hardly knew her!"

"Poor thing!" said Nora; "did you speak to her, Terry?"

"Ay did I, Miss; an' I think she was glad to see me, only she was afear'd to let on."

"Have you any idea where she is living, Terry? We must try and find her out."

"Ye may as well let her be, Miss. Me suspicious about her all through were right enough; she fell into the hands of a big villain, and she's wid him yit."

"But is she not married?"

"Married? Ay, may be by a buckle-beggar, but sorra word priest or parson ever said over her in church or chapel. Catch black Murtagh Kavanagh behavin' like anything but the cunnin' blackguard he always war."

"Kavanagh!" exclaimed Miss Fortescue, "are you sure she went with him, Terry?"

"Sure! As sure as that God made little apples, or that the sky's over us this blessed minute. There isn't anything bad enough for that chap to plan or to do, for all he looks so sanctified and spakes so gintlemanlike. I wish Mr. Harry had axed my opinion of the same chap afore he tuk him into Kildarra."

Nora felt a pang of self-reproach. It was her influence which had got Kavanagh the place.

"But what proof have you about poor Susy, Terry?" she asked.

"Me own two eyes, Miss darlin'; but me suspicious tould me enough, God knows. Didn't I tax her wid it on the road beyant, an' wasn't the red shame on her poor bit of a face when I axed her where her marriage-lines war, an' tould her I knew who the villain was? and she didn't deny it, an' the big tears weren't dry on her cheeks. An' there was a blue welt on her arm, where I am sure he struck her. It's my opinion, Miss Nora, that he's leavin' her a'most starvin'; and that she wint up to the house to try to see him, an' that he bet her."

"O, Terry, how shocking! Why does she not leave him? The poorhouse would be better than such a life as that."

"Lave him, is it? I'll ingage she'd stan' up for him this minute, an' swear black and blue that the work of his cowardly hand was a fall she got. Moriah! I don't I know the sax well?" and Terry laughed low over his experience in the folly of womankind.

"Something must be done for her Terry. I shall never rest until I find her out and rescue her."

"An' thin, Miss Nora, jowl, if you could git Master Harry to kick black Murtagh to Ould Nick—axin' yer pardon for mentionin' his name—you'd be after doin' a good turn. He's awful cute is the same lad, but he'll be caught at some of his tricks yit, I hope, for I saw him meself drinkin' away below at McGovern's, an' goin' back to Kildarra dead drunk; but sure enough himself was in *Aggry!* And now, Miss darlin', sure I'm losin' me time here talkin', an' plinty to be done afore night yit, so will ye be after signin' these recates for me, an' tell me what I'll do at all at all to git the rint out of that spalpeen M'Keon? He sould two fat pigs at the last fair of Ardee, an' he come to me wid a story as long as me arm iv how the little girl was goin' to Australia!"

"Never mind, Terry, I shall see him myself," interrupted Miss Fortescue. "There are your receipts, and please let me know if you meet that poor girl about here again."

From that hour Nora determined to leave no means untold for the rescue of poor Susy Connelly from her life of misery and shame. Her mind was just then in that morbid state which is apt to exaggerate cause and effect; she could not persuade herself that the influence she had used to induce Courtenay to take him again into his service had not been the indirect cause of the poor girl's ruin.

"Kavanagh would have left the country," she argued, "had he not been taken to Kildarra; and even if he had not, he would not have had access to this house. It has been my fault from first to last."

And then it was that Miss Fortescue resumed her lonely rides about the country. Every day she went for miles in a different direction, often visiting some wayside cabin in an unfrequented neighbourhood, ostensibly to ask some trivial question, but in reality to see if Susy and her child were living or lodging beneath the humble roof. Many a lonely road and lane she traversed in the hope of



coming across the object of her search, often losing her way and reaching home when it was quite dark.

Once or twice, not oftener, she met Courtenay, also on horseback. She would bow stiffly, he would raise his hat formally; and so they would pass on with their hearts beating, but both apparently as cold as icebergs. Every Sunday, too, they saw each other in church. The Kildarva pew was behind that of Carrigmurrah; but Norah's thick crape veil hid her face, and she never left her seat, after the service was over, until the congregation had dispersed; and Courtenay would return to his lonely home, thinking far more of the delicate perfume which had floated to him from Norah's dress and handkerchief—a perfume which was inseparably associated in his mind with past happy days, and awoke many distracting memories—than of the prayers or the rector's sermon.

## CHAPTER XIII.

THE year went on rapidly towards its close; November was unusually severe even for our uncertain climate; there were fierce storms and disastrous shipwrecks upon the wild western coast; and those who had town-houses to go to flocked into the city, and the Dublin season began. Again invitations reached Miss Fortescue, but she declined them all. She had no heart for gaieties that winter.

One day towards the middle of the month she set out early on horseback to continue her search for the poor girl in whose fate she took such a deep interest. There was a high south-wester blowing, before which the fleecy clouds were sueding rapidly, now obscuring and now revealing the sun, whose beams shed at best but a watery radiance, and whose short course promised to set darkly behind the thick bank of vapour which lowered ominously in the west.

At four o'clock the day had almost closed, and Norah found herself about ten miles from home, and in a totally unfamiliar tract, with the pleasant prospect of a lonely ride to Carrigmurrah through the darkness, which was, of course, increasing every moment. She had determined only that morning to curtail the length of her excursions until the days grew longer; but in the afternoon she had been induced, by hearing some news which gave her hope of at last finding Susy, to stay out even longer than usual.

Loosened by the high wind, and by her rapid pace, her hair had fallen upon her shoulders, and as at the moment it came showering down a farmhouse was visible at a little distance, she turned off the road towards it; and dismounting, she fastened her bridle over a hook in the wall and went in.

A kindly "God save ye, Miss," greeted her from a woman, who rose from a stool beside the turf-fire, with a baby in her arms. Norah explained her want, and a little glass, with numerous defacing scratches upon its quicksilver, was placed before her; and as she plaited her long hair and wound it tightly round her head, she began to question the woman and take notice of the child.

"Ah, sure it's only a donny little creature, miss; an' wouldn't it be a blessing if God tuk it, only for the poor mother's sake!"

"Is it not your own, then?" asked Norah.

"No, Miss; her that owns it came in late last night, soaked through and through with the wet, and nearly starving, an' this poor little creature a most dead in her arms wid could and hunger—an' not a stitch on its poor little body but a bit of a shirt, an' an' old petticoat not fit for the ragman. The cries of it went to my heart, Miss, and I tuk them both in; but niver a word could I get out of her at all at all, until Mickey—that's me eldest gossoon, Miss—come in—and a smart chap he is, Miss—an' he ups and he said she was a woman he had seen livin' in a bit of a cabin you might ha' seen hard by the road down an ugly lane two mile or three out of this, an' that he used to see a tall, black-looking chap, dressed in them livery clothes, goin' into it very often about a year ago; an' wid that, Miss, she let a screech that riz the hair on me head, an' then little by little she told me how this chap Mickey seen had deaved her, an' began to trate her bad, an' at last denied she was his wife, good or bad, an' turned her an' the baby out to starve. Well, Miss, not to be keepin' yer honour too long, she got better afther a start, an' this mornin' she started off, intendin' to go to some place in Wicklow, where she has friends, an' I'm to keep the baby for a while. It nearly broke her heart to part wid it; but I tould her it would die if she tuk it, so she went her lone."

"What this morning, you say?" said Norah. "Can you give me a feed of oats for my horse, I wonder?"

"Yes, Miss, an' welcome if it was gould. Here, Mickey, Mickey! where are you, ager?" and a handsome boy, with shock hair falling into his eyes, answered the call.

With his assistance Norah fed her horse, and leaving him astonished no less by her agility in mounting than by the half-crown she put into his hand, she rode swiftly away, but not in the direction of home.

There was a village about four or five miles distant, and as it was on the direct road to Dublin she hoped there to find Susy. But fresh disappointment awaited her. She inquired at all the humble houses of lodging and entertainment in the little town, if town it can be called, but no one answering to the description of the girl she was in search of had been seen even to pass through; and, weary and disheartened, Norah at last turned her horse's head towards home.

(To be continued.)

TILLOTSON'S WIG.—Tillotson was the first clergyman in England who was seen in a pulpit with a peruke. Tillotson's wig, however, only represented a natural head of hair, cut short; such a cut as in Elizabeth's days was called, in clerical slang, "Christ's cut." "I can remember," he says, in one of his sermons, "since the wearing of the hair below the ears was looked upon as a sin of the first magnitude, and when ministers generally, whatever their text was, did either find, or make occasion to reprove, the great sin of long hair; and if they saw anyone in the congregation guilty in that kind, they would point him out particularly, and let fly at him with great zeal."

## Remarkable Fulfilment of a Dream.

### A NIGHT OF TERROR IN THE GWENDRAETH VALLEY.

By MRS. ALFRED WATNEY.

And dreams in their development have breath,  
And tears, and torture, and the touch of joy,  
They leave a weight upon our waking thoughts,  
They take a weight from off our waking toils,  
They do divide our being; they become  
A portion of ourselves as of our time,  
And look like heralds of Eternity.—BYRON.

ALFRED, Alfred! There is an accident at the works! Do you not hear the bell?" cried Mrs. Walton, laying her hand upon her husband's shoulder, and grasping him in her fright, with no very gentle touch.

"Accident! bell!" he repeated, as he roused himself up from a deep, heavy sleep and began to comprehend the meaning of his wife's words. "I hear no bell."

"I hear it plainly," she said, "and I saw a light, too; the men must have gone up with torches. The light flashed into the room; it was that that awoke me. Do pray get up and look out of your dressing-room window!" Mr. Walton got up and he opened the window, and looked out. There was no light, and most decidedly there was no bell. "The bell, Nell, was in your own ears, you have been dreaming; all is perfectly right at the works. It is such a calm, quiet night I can even hear the men on the bank giving the usual signals to the engine-man. You have had the nightmare; go to sleep, but don't dream of more bells, I pray you."

Mrs. Walton did go to sleep, and she dreamt, but not again of bells. Her dream was a singular one; she did not, however, mention it to her husband, lest he should ridicule her for what he was pleased to term her "nervous fancies;" but the reader must be made acquainted with it, and she related it minutely to her mother, to whom she happened to be writing on the following morning, receiving by return of post a good long lecture for giving way to superstitious notions.

Mrs. Walton dreamed that she was in the large yard close to the engine-house, and saw a number of people, some of whom she recognised—workmen of her husband's, women and children from the village—surrounding the mouth of the shaft. She did not hear the sound of voices, they did not seem to be speaking; but they gave way to the most frantic gestures, especially when a party of men carrying planks approached, and proceeded to cover the opening with them. At this point the scene changed abruptly, and Mrs. Walton thought that she was standing on the side of the opposite hill, looking down upon the valley, and a large meadow lying at her feet (through which the stream called Gwendraeth ran) suddenly appeared to be covered with water, which as quickly seemed to subside; and then there arose in the centre of the field a huge pile of machinery—water-wheels, scaffolding, &c.—whilst a large party of miners were busily employed, under the direction of Mr. Ord, the underground overman, pumping up water and wheeling away "shale." She especially identified her father-in-law and his agent amongst the group. All the erections in their turn faded away, and a deep yawning chasm took their place, the sides of which were covered with beautiful flowers.

Mrs. Walton could not on awaking disconnect this dream from what she was loth to admit to be a dream at all—namely, the ringing of the alarm bell and the appearance of the light; but having made particular inquiries during the course of the day of workmen who had been at the pit all night, she was forced to allow that both had been imaginary—an oral as well as optical delusion of fancy—

Whose busy power is working day and night;

For when the cool, sweet senses rest do take,

A thousand dreams, fantastical and light,

With fluttering wings do keep her still awake.

A fortnight passed, and the day arrived for Mr. Walton's going down the pit to inspect the working. He generally went over the mines once in every three weeks to see that all underground was proceeding satisfactorily.

Mrs. Walton came down to breakfast that morning with a sense of some impending evil about her like a weight; and seeing her husband's waterproof pit-clothes in the hall, became anxious on his account, but did not venture to express her feelings. Charles Mackay's verses recurred to her:—

Thou who in the noontide brightness

Seest a shadow undefined;

Hear'st a voice, that indistinctly

Whispers caution to thy mind;

Thou who hast a vague foreboding

That a peril may be near,

Even when nature smiles around thee,

And thy conscience hounds thee clear—

Trust the warning—look before thee,

Angels may the mirror show;

Dimly still, but sent to guide thee;

We are wiser than we know.

"I will sit," thought the foolish wife, "in the porch-room window" (a spot commanding a good view of the shaft) "and watch all the time Alfred is in the pit." She had not been long in the look-out station before she saw Mr. S., a gentleman who resided at Swansea, drive by to the office. "Papa will not go down this morning, baby!" she exclaimed, delightedly, to a fat, chubby boy who was sprawling at her feet on the floor, forgetful apparently of the fact that baby was much too juvenile to share either her hopes or fears on the occasion. A message to the effect that Mr. S. would lunch at the house added to her satisfaction; but when on entering the library that individual expressed his intention of starting immediately after luncheon for Carmarthen, her nervousness returned, and she timidly reminded her husband of a meeting to be held at Llanon (a village four miles distant) that afternoon, which he once spoke of attending.

"Hang the Commissioners!" he most irreverently

cried. "I shall not go near them. I am going down the pit."

"Is it not necessary you should make the appeal in person?" she asked.

"Well, I suppose it is. Would you like to drive with me? You can bring the nurse and baby," he added.

Another reprieve.

On their return from Llanon, after a most delightful drive amongst the hills, they met, as they turned into what had formerly been a fine old avenue—but was now termed in a most undignified manner "the lane" leading up to the works—Mr. Ord and a party of workmen going towards their homes. "All right, Sir," was the reply to some questions put by the master. "The new vein is proving beautiful—very little water—good timbering." Now Mrs. Walton was sufficiently a collier's wife to know these answers were favourable. She was a Welshwoman, and spoke the language fluently; could get more information from the miners in five minutes by talking to them in Cymrege than her "Spos" could extract in half-an-hour from their broken English. All she heard on this special evening was pleasant, so, after an exchange of "good-nights" and "Noswaith-da-Chi's," they drove on.

As night closed in Mrs. Walton's "nervous attack" (for such she mildly tried to persuade herself it was) increased, and she was glad to go to her room, for she felt thoroughly ashamed of (in marital phraseology) her "folly."

At midnight there was a loud knocking at the bedroom door. "Who is there?"

"Mr. Ord wishes to see my master directly," was the reply.

"Alfred, get up! Ord wants to see you."

"Tell Ord" (this was shouted to the housemaid outside the door) "to come to my dressing-room window."

"Mr. Ord is at the porch-room window; he wants to see you there, Sir," was the reply, given this time in a plainer voice. Mr. Walton sprang out of bed. He was absent about five minutes, and then returned to his room. The intense whiteness of his face startled the wife, who was by this time up and partly dressed. He did not speak, but stared vacantly, and moved like a person walking in sleep. "Alfred, dear," and she went up to him, "is there anything wrong at the works?" she asked. "Is there an accident—anything wrong with the engine?" (she knew he had lately been at considerable expense in putting up a new one.) Her ideas on the instant were, I must admit, very selfish ones. She had her husband and child—all that were very near and dear to her—safe, and she did not think of other lives—only of what she imagined would affect him. His reply made her aware of the fearful reality.

"Oh! my God! worse than twenty engines! All the men in the pit are drowned." The stony expression of face relaxed, and leaning his arms upon the drawers, covering his face with his hands, the strong man wept like a child.

At this moment the sound of the alarm bell became audible, and a bright light illumined the whole room. Mr. Walton raised his head—husband's and wife's eyes met—neither spoke, but both evidently thought of the dream.

"You will dress and come up to the pit, Alfred," she said, quietly; "we must both go and see if anything can be done," and taking up her bonnet and mantle she left the room. The servants were standing in the hall, crying and terrified, the cook only was absent. She refused to leave her bed when called, saying she felt perfectly safe with her crucifix and her beads. Desiring the nurse to accompany her, and ordering the others to light fires in all the rooms and heat water—for as Mr. Walton had said "drowned" Mrs. Walton indulged in a vague hope that some lives might still be rescued—she hurried up to the yard. It was, in truth, her dream over again. There remained no longer the least chance of saving life. The shaft was half full of water, and it was rising rapidly. The machinery was clogged with rubbish, and the engine would not work; therefore directions had been given to board the pit's mouth over, in order to prevent the agonised wives and mothers of the miners below from throwing themselves down the shaft.

There stood David Harry, the father of two promising lads who were down the pit, tearing off handfuls of hair from his head, and upbraiding himself with having threatened to beat his youngest son with a rope's-end for expressing a disinclination to go to work that afternoon. His cry of "Fy Bechfyn Bach! Fy David Anwyl!" haunted Mrs. Walton for months.

Poor old Mary Hughes had lost her husband and two sons; she sat crouching by the engine-room steps, heedless of the entreaties of a kind-hearted, tearful neighbour, who wanted to lead her home. Mary Morris was struggling violently, trying to free herself from two colliers, who had fortunately caught her just as she was about to cast herself into the pit. All—all was as Mrs. Walton had seen it in her dream.

One man only had escaped, and he was now sitting on the bank in a state of semi-idiotism, laughing and crying hysterically like a woman by turns, surrounded by a crowd of eager questioners. His account at first was not a very lucid one, but his escape had certainly been most miraculous, and you can imagine that it was a source of deep thankfulness to Mrs. Walton to learn that the "day turn" had all, save twenty-seven men, been drawn up out of the pit before the accident occurred, and that the "night turn" had not begun to descend, consequently there were but six-and-twenty, instead of sixty or seventy lives lost.

The man at the engine stated that the carriage was down at the bottom of the shaft, and on hearing the usual signal given he began to wind up. He then heard the danger signal, and immediately afterwards the machinery refused to work, the large engine suddenly stopped. He alarmed the banksmen, the agents were sent for, and a party of colliers belonging to the turn who were waiting to go down started with lamps in the direction of the "drift," a sort of inclined tunnel, which had been driven from the surface at the side of an adjoining hill into the coal, and which communicated with the main shaft somewhere about midway, and their object in going down the "drift" was to ascertain whether the

obstruction which had evidently cut off all communication between the bottom of the shaft and the bank lay below or above. In the "drift" they discovered the miner, Tom Jones, and the only explanation he could give them of his appearance there was that six of his companions and himself were waiting in the carriage at the bottom of the pit to be drawn up; they had given the signal and the carriage had begun to ascend, when they heard a strange rushing, explosive sort of sound in the workings, and gave the danger signal; but before they had mounted much further a body of water and mud forced its way up the shaft, impeding the progress of the carriage, and speedily overwhelmed the poor colliers inclosed in it. Tom Jones, somehow or other, had managed to clamber on the top of the carriage and climb up the wire rope. The rising water beneath helped to buoy him up, assisted him to mount in fact, and on reaching that portion of the shaft joining the drift he sprang off the rope into the opening, and was groping his way to the light when the men met him. The universal question asked by those who were not too much absorbed in the fate of their relatives to ask questions was, "Where could this vast body of mud and water have come from?" The pit was remarkably dry, there were very few springs in the workings, and the pumping-engine had been at work up to the moment of the accident. It was a mystery, and Mrs. Walton, after speaking a few words of sympathy to the mourners, feeling at the same time how vain and powerless all human consolation or promises must appear in such an hour of trial, returned with a heavy heart to the house. She found Mr. Walton and several of the agents busily engaged, so she proceeded to the nursery to write some letters. Mary Hughes' only daughter was a servant at Bryn Môr (Mrs. Walton's father's), and she was anxious that the sad tidings of the loss of old Hughes and his two sons should be broken gently to the poor girl. While thus engaged, the cook, who slept in the next room, and who had refused to get up, rushed wildly in, counting her beads and shrieking out, "The walls are cracking, the house is falling." One look sufficed to show Mrs. Walton that the walls had cracked; there was a large fissure in the outer one of the room she was sitting in. She caught up her baby from her crib, and ran down to her husband, echoing cook's cry of alarm, then tore out of the house, anxious to put as much distance as possible between herself and the—in her opinion—trottering walls, fancying in her terror that the very ground she trod upon was unsafe. How she reached the lodge (the cottage where Mrs. Ord resided) at the bottom of the avenue to this day puzzles her.

Mr. Walton and the agents, being aware that the ground on which Gwendraeth House stood had been worked under, knew full well that there was good cause for alarm in the cracking of the walls, and having seen all the servants safe out of it and sent them up to the office, he followed his wife to the cottage. Baby, comfortably ensconced in one of the young Ord's nightgowns (his own having been saturated by the rain), lay sleeping peacefully in Mrs. Ord's spare bed, and Mrs. Walton persuaded her husband to lie down by the child's side while she sat by the window watching for daybreak. The first grey streak of light showed her Gwendraeth still standing; but on looking towards the meadow on the left she was surprised to see a deep, wide excavation, in place of the perfectly level green sward that usually met her eye. The earth had opened; there was a yawning chasm, and half the field had fallen into it. At the moment she made the discovery, Ord, who had been at the works all night, came to acquaint Mr. Walton with the fact.

There had evidently been some great disturbance in the workings, and the surface-ground had given way; but where could the water which Ord spoke of as rising in the chasm come from. There lay the canal in tranquil beauty, and there was the river—the silver Gwendraeth—flowing smoothly along, both of them undiminished. Had they broken into the workings their beds would have been dry. There was but one solution of the mystery—the miners in boring must have tapped a subterranean body of water.

Many skillful engineers, Government inspectors, &c., came down to view the spot, and they all confirmed this opinion.

On going up to Gwendraeth House in the morning it was found that the large hearthstones in some of the rooms were cracked in pieces, the boards in the dining-room floor were bent in the form of a bow, doors and windows that had been left shut the night before would not open, and those that were open would not shut. There had been a complete jam, but as the ground had settled down Mr. Walton did not apprehend further mischief. The house was a very old one—the date on the ceiling of the dining-room was 1616—and the walls, fortunately, were of great thickness, and had, therefore, been able to stand the shock.

Many months elapsed before the workings were cleared, and the scene where the mischief first occurred reached. All the water and mud had to be brought up out of the shaft, and while workmen were employed in doing this, others were occupied in getting the water from the chasm. The bodies of those poor men who had been with Tom Jones in the carriage were the first discovered, and then, as the main way was cleared, several others were found, but after most of the headings and stalls had been reached, there were still nine out of the twenty-six missing.

Immediately the cavern had been pumped dry Mr. Walton commenced sinking a fresh shaft in its centre, and this was no easy task to accomplish, for there was a vein of white sand there—fine sand that ran just like quicksilver—and in order to sink a pit through it it was necessary to make use of iron tubing, to prevent the sides from falling in and burying the workmen alive. But in course of time, after great labour and expense, a properly built, secure shaft was completed, an engine put up, and ladders erected. This opened another means of communication with the mine; and there should always be in every works two shafts, so as to afford the miners, in case of accident, a way of escape by means of ladders if the machinery got out of order or the rope broke.

Nine months had elapsed since the catastrophe, when

the miners engaged below came to a heading in a very distant part of the works. After removing a few transful of rubbish they found one of the stalls perfectly clear and dry, and in it were the bodies of the nine long-missing workmen. They had evidently retreated from the advancing water to a stall beyond its reach, and died of choke-damp—died a painless death. They looked exactly as if they were asleep. The air having been so entirely excluded, there was not the slightest trace of decomposition visible when they were first seen. Old Hughes was kneeling. He had evidently been praying when death came. His sons lay one on each side of him, and the two little Harrys were close to them; the elder, John, a boy of fourteen, had his arm round his younger brother's neck. Doubtless they had all known that their fate was inevitable; but they had not been kept waiting long. The air must have become unfit for human lungs to breathe in the course of a very short time.

When the mines were again restored to working order, it was ascertained that two of the workmen had, in removing a large block of coal in the new vein, and which, probably, they were anxious to show their master on his expected visit to the pit the following morning, let in the water from this subterranean lake (a lake whose existence of course was unknown, as there was nothing on the surface to denote its being there), for they were found lying close to the coal with their picks beside them. Had Mr. Walton gone down the pit the day he intended, this coal would probably have been cut in his presence, and some hundred men or more, together with himself, must have perished.

Those of my readers who take any interest in this little truthful sketch of colliery life may feel pleased to know that the widows and children of the sufferers were provided for. A good subscription, thanks to the liberal kindness of the neighbouring mineral proprietors and country gentlemen, was made. The good and much-beloved Bishop of St. David's contributed largely to it, and a considerable sum was raised.

Mrs. Walton was rather shocked by her father-in-law suggesting that a part of it should be laid aside to form a wedding portion for any of the widows who might happen to marry again, and assured him that her countrywomen would be horrified at his proposition. He did arrange it so, nevertheless, and candour obliges me to add that before two years had passed several of them were entitled to claim the promised twenty pounds.

THE END.

#### THE CUCKOO'S SONG.

CHILL blows the autumn wind  
Through leafless trees;  
We go, fresh fields to find,  
Brighter than these;  
Where 'neath a cloudless sky  
Blue waters gleaming lie  
We shall repose;  
Where the wind's perfumed sigh  
Just waves the rose!

Farewell! oh, stormy North,  
For many a day  
The voices that call us forth  
We must obey.  
But when spring blooms again,  
Back over sea and plain  
Swiftly we come!  
Look for us, matron then,  
In thy new home!—*Norwegian Stories.*

#### ROBIN'S RETURN.

It was Yule, and the snow kept falling  
In silent shadowy flight,  
Through the dull grey haze of the daylight,  
Far into the starless night;  
And father sat close by the fireside  
With the children round his knee,  
And every bonny brown face was there,  
But the one that was at sea.

Never a letter and no word,  
And my eyes with tears were dim,  
As I wreathed the holly upon the wall,  
And harked to the children's hymn;  
And father sat at his card-table,  
With a smile nigh like a tear,  
"Christmas will scarce be Christmas, wife,  
If our boy should not be here."

The wheel in the nook stood all untuned,  
And I saw not granny's face;  
But the tears dropped under the wrinkled hands,  
Held towards the Yule log blaze;  
Poor Bessie she turn'd to the doorway,  
With face both pale and sad,  
So I kissed her cheek ere we parted,  
For love of my sailor lad.

As I looked down the drift-dim'd pathway,  
I said, "There's none to know,  
Would have given a good deal, darling,  
To have seen you thro' the snow;"  
Then we drew near the hearth together,  
And listened side by side,  
In the first blithe peal of the merry bells  
Which welcome Christmas-tide.

Never a sound but the crackling log,  
And the wind amid the thatch,  
Till the clock was near the stroke of twelve,  
When a faint rain'sid the latch;  
A merry brown face stood at the door,  
The face I loved the best,  
And the snow in the curls of Robin  
Lay melting on my breast!

Dear granny, she rose from her corner,  
And clapped her hands in glee,  
And she said, "O roving Robin,  
You must keep a key for me!  
And there's some one else will want one, too,  
Who left not long ago!"  
"Ah, she got it," quoth Robin, laughing,  
"When we met among the snow."

JOHN JAMES LONGSDALE.

## Home Employment and Embellishments.

### SEED WORK.

PERSON who has never pursued the habit of observation, as applied to the common and homelier objects around him, can scarcely realise how great a variety is to be found among the garden and field seeds with which we are all familiar. Nor will such ever fully appreciate the curious shapes and colours of these humble things until they are brought together and displayed in some artistic form. With this object in view let us collect throughout the season every variety of ripe seeds within reach, nothing being considered too homely or common for a place in the collection. Beans of all kinds, the various melon seeds, coffee, rice, and Indian corn—of which last there are to be found a great variety in size and colour, from the deep red and mottled grains to almost white or deep golden yellow—every seed of size sufficient for handling will be accepted for our purpose.

Then the garden flower seeds will answer to form a miniature wreath—such as convolvulus, hollyhock, larkspur, pear, apple, the shining black seeds of the tiger lily, and others too numerous to mention.

Having thus collected a large assortment, a framework of wood must be provided; if intended to be a picture-frame the shape and size will of course be regulated by the dimensions of the picture to be placed in it. But many prefer making the wreath itself the centre, and, when finished, have it framed neatly, with a glass to protect it from dust.

If the latter be the style fixed on, a circular frame of thin wood should be prepared and stained slightly with walnut staining materials, or simple black varnish. The upper surface of the wood should not be very smoothly finished, or the glue will not adhere so firmly, but will be constantly liable to scale off. When the frame is ready and the glue hot, spread a portion of it over a space of about two inches in diameter, and begin at once to arrange or group your seeds; taking, for instance, one kind of bean for one flower. Form it by sticking them close together around the outside edges of the glued space with the points inward, thus making the circular outline of the flower. Allow the beans to radiate evenly, but lie perfectly flat against the wood, and then form the inner row by sticking the ends of the beans into the glue, letting the outer ones be slightly elevated by resting on the inner points of the first row. A third tier is then placed in like manner inside the last, and so on until the space is entirely filled and finished with a round bean of either the same or a different kind. If the glue stiffens too much before the whole flower is completed more must be added.

An almost endless variety of shapes and styles of flowers will suggest themselves as the work proceeds, and, since accurate resemblance to nature is not attempted or aimed at, no exact rules need be given or followed, taste and ingenuity being sufficient guides to the artist.

When the whole surface is occupied with the greatest possible variety of designs, there will still remain considerable intervening space, in which the rough wooden foundation will be seen. In order to cover this properly thin the glue with a little water, and with a small brush spread it over the wood wherever there is a bare space around and between the flowers, doing about one quarter of the frame at once, giving it a pretty good coat; then, while wet, sprinkle over it any small seeds that may be most abundant, so that the wood shall be entirely covered with them; this will form a suitable groundwork, and afford a proper relief to the flowers, especially if these seeds are of a dark colour.

Proceed with this part of the work until the whole space is covered, and then apply with a camel's-hair brush an even coat of good copal varnish. If this is not enough to give the whole a fine gloss, it can be retouched, some seeds absorbing a large quantity of varnish before showing the required gloss.

If it is to be set into a frame as described, it can now be fastened on to the board that is to form the back, which should first be covered with white paper, or any other material that may be preferred, studying to produce a good contrast. The space in the centre of the wreath may be occupied in any way desired, and the whole inclosed in a deep frame which will allow room for the raised surface of the wreath. For picture-frames the seeds must be glued in the same manner on to the wooden frame, which must be first prepared with a back and groove for the glass; and, if desired for a standing frame, a hinged foot should be fastened to the back.

For large frames use the larger and coarser seeds; but for small and light ones the more delicate seeds of flowers will be most beautiful and appropriate.

This work may be applied with excellent effect to ornament boxes for the toilette-table, brackets, hanging baskets, wooden vases, flower-stands, book-racks, and many other articles. In general effect it differs from the cone work or leather work, on account of the variety of colours to be found among the seeds, which are also much heightened by the application of the varnish.

A fine specimen of this work was exhibited at a late horticultural fair in Philadelphia, and received a special premium, besides attracting universal attention and admiration.

How old is the word *Crinoline*? Can any reader supply an example earlier than 1750? Lloyd says—

Cumberland had seldom seen  
A farmer's wife with such a mien . . .  
She could haranguer with fluent  
On crinolines, and caps, and lace.

From *The Spirit of Contradiction*, by R. Lloyd, born 1733, died 1764.

THE LONGEVITY OF WOMEN.—It is a curious fact, says a New York paper, as appears from the report of the Secretary of the Interior, that while there is but one Revolutionary soldier now living (he lives in this state) and drawing a pension, there are at the present time on the rolls the names of 888 widows of Revolutionary soldiers. The mothers of the Revolution were evidently younger than the fathers, or else they live longer.



## Theatres and Amusements.

COVENT GARDEN.—The Boarding School.—Harlequin Robinson Crusoe Seven.  
 DRURY LANE.—My Wife's Out—(At a Quarter to Eight) Puss in Boots. Seven.  
 HAYMARKET.—A Hero of Romance.—The Frightful Hare. Seven.  
 ADELPHI.—Did you ever send your Wife to Camberwell?—(At a Quarter to Eight) Monte Christo. Seven.  
 PRINCESS.—The Secret—(At Eight) After Dark—Master Jones's Birthday. Seven.  
 LYCUM.—The Four Mowbrays—(At a Quarter to Eight) Harlequin Humpty Dumpty. Seven.  
 OLYMPIC.—Slasher and Crasher—(At a Quarter to Eight) The Yellow Passport. Seven.  
 ST. JAMES.—The Secret Panel—(At Half-past Seven) Glitter—(At Nine) The Sleeping Beauty in the Wood. Seven.  
 GLOUCE.—Good for Nothing—(At a Quarter to Eight) Cyril's Success. Seven.  
 STRAND.—A Widow Hunt—The Field of the Cloth of Gold—A Comical Courtess. Seven.  
 PRINCE OF WALES.—Who Speaks First?—(At Eight) Gold—A Half-past Seven.  
 NEW QUEEN.—Dut—The Gnome King—A Race for a Dinner. Seven.  
 NEW ROYALTY.—The Loving Cup—(At a Quarter-past Nine) The Rise and Fall of Richard III.—Everybody's Husband. Half-past Seven.  
 HOLBORN.—St. Mary's Eve—Turko the Terrible—Aunt Charlotte's Mail. Gaiety.—The Two Harlequins—(At a Quarter to Eight) On the Cards—Robert Le Diable—Two Ballets. Seven.  
 ROYAL ALBERT.—The Secret—Whittington and his Cat. Seven.  
 ST. GEORGE'S (St. George's Hall).—Seven—Sardanapalus. Seven.  
 ROYAL AMPHITHEATRE, HOLBORN.—Scenes in the Arena, and other Entertainments. Half-past Seven. Morning Performances on Mondays, Wednesdays, and Saturdays at Half-past Two.  
 CRYSTAL PALACE.—Miscellaneous Entertainments. Open at Ten.  
 POLYTECHNIC.—Miscellaneous Entertainments. Open from Twelve till Five, and from Seven till Ten.  
 ST. JAMES'S HALL.—Christy Minstrel; twenty-seven performers. Wed. nesday and Saturday, Three; Evenings, Eight.  
 ROYAL GALLERY OF ILLUSTRATION.—Inquire Within—The Last of the Paladins. Eight.  
 MADAME TASSAUD'S.—Waxwork Exhibition. Eleven till Ten.

## CALENDAR FOR THE WEEK.

JANUARY 10. SUNDAY.—First after Epiphany.  
 " 11. Monday.—Hilary Term begins.  
 " 12. Tuesday.—New moon, 6.53 P.M.  
 " 13. Wednesday.—Cambridge Lent Term begins.  
 " 14. Thursday.—Oxford Lent Term begins.  
 " 15. Friday.—Twilight ends 6.20.  
 " 16. Saturday.—Sun rises 8.1.

## Our Letter Basket.

## TO THE READING PUBLIC.

THE LADY'S OWN PAPER may be obtained at the Principal Railway Stations, and of the Newsagents throughout the United Kingdom. In the event of any difficulty, copies will be sent direct from the office; single copies, post free, for 4d.; three copies for 11d.

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\* Our next portrait will be that of Madame Sainton-Dolby, to be followed by Anthony Trollope.

With the present number, in addition to a coloured supplement of winter fashions, we give the title-page and index for the half-yearly volume, and we advise our readers to see that both these are supplied to them by their newsagents.

In an early number will appear a story by A. H. Wall, illustrated with original drawings by the author, and the illustrated papers on Painting, Photographic Colouring, &c., will also be commenced.

COMO (Italy).—The MS. has not reached us, but when it does we will give it our early attention.

X.—You may obtain it at almost any shop where Berlin wool is sold. 2. The work has been out of print for some time, and we doubt whether you would be able to obtain a copy, unless you should be fortunate enough to fall across it at a second-hand bookseller's.

ITALICS (Isle of Wight).—For the "angel pudding" take two ounces of flour, two ounces of sugar, one ounce of butter, half-a-pint of milk, the yolks of four eggs and whites of two; then melt the butter in part of the milk, and when cold mix the whole together. This quantity fills four cups. Bake them nearly half-an-hour, and serve with soft sugar and wine in dish.

GEORGIANA (Leeds).—We will bear your request in mind, and endeavour to meet your wishes in our fashion article next week.

C.—We hope to be able to find space in an early number for a brief article on the subject.

Communications from Barbara (Suffolk), Welshman, Polly, and Tyro (Newington) are declined with thanks.

## Our Exchange.

[For regulations, see our number for January 2.]

I WISH to obtain a fresh-water aquarium, stocked or otherwise, but must not be too small. In exchange I offer choice greenhouse plants, seeds, or roses. —WATER WITCH.

I WOULD exchange songs of Claribel and Virginia Gabriel, for a handsome quarto album to hold not less than 150 portraits. —DOMESTIC.

I WANT a set of ivory chessmen, if with board preferred, and would give books, music, or other things in exchange. —LONDONER.

I HAVE for exchange some beautiful wool-work for easy-chair and ottoman, and should like jewellery, but am open to offers. —BLUEBELL.

I WISH for tools and materials for wax and paper-flower working, with patterns. Please state what is wanted in exchange. —HONEY BEE.

I SHOULD like to exchange sheet music, nearly new and in excellent condition, for bound music, operas preferred. —DIANA.

We have forwarded letters from "Z" to "Mother Goose," "Musical" to "Whittington," and "Musical" and "Long Tom" to "High Church."

The proverbial luxury of the ancient Romans is fast being outdone by our modern *dames à la mode*. The most celebrated of Paris beauties has just inaugurated one of the most extravagant innovations of this extravagant age. Every day she changes the decoration of her boudoir as if by magic. On awaking in the morning she calls for, say, her pink toilet; and while she sacrifices to the Graces, the chambermaid-like apartment that was mauve satin yesterday is changed to pink silk to-day, and will most likely be green velvet to-morrow.

## The Lady's Own Paper.

SATURDAY, JANUARY 9, 1869.

## BARREL ORGANS;

CONSIDERED IN CONNECTION WITH LITERARY PURSUITS.

HERE may be those who live somewhere between Westminster Abbey and St. George's-square, in Piccadilly. Their habits may be studious, their tastes domestic, and they may be passionately fond of music. The latter propensity (supposing it to exist) will speedily become known to the metropolitan fraternity of organ-grinders, who, from about 9.30 A.M. to about 10.30 P.M., will perpetually assault their houses with projectiles of a musical character, in the form of hackneyed "tunes" flung out from hour to hour beneath their favourite windows. Now we hold that these victims of "organic life" have at least the right to offer their suggestion touching the minutest details of their persecution. If, then, the Professors of the Itinerant Grind could only be persuaded to vary occasionally the airs which they perform—or if they would not make it an inflexible rule to begin their performance always in the middle of a tune, and generally even in the middle of a note (which was interrupted in some neighbouring street by the intemperate order to "move on")—the dwellers in "S.W." might be able to endure more patiently the hourly-recurring visitation. For example, "Oh, Mary" is doubtless a touching and romantic appeal to housemaids of step-washing proclivities; and "Fifty Years Ago" is a conception which, fifty years ago, it may have been possible to listen to just once without fatigue. "Champagne Charlie" must also have seemed to be a lively and exhilarating air to those who had the privilege of hearing it for the first time; while "Take thou the Sabre of my Father" was doubtless an exciting and bewitching inspiration to the admirers of Madame Schneider, Miss Matthews, or Mrs. German Reed. But "Take thou the Sabre of my Father" played four times a-day upon a barrel-organ (which was utterly worn out a quarter of a century ago, and had this new tune put into it in exchange for "Nix my Dolly" just to keep it going for another decade), invariably begun on the last dying syllable of "sabre," and played under your window with an impromptu accompaniment on the whistle by every juvenile passer-by, of necessity loses much of its original force and charm from the frequency of the repetition and the consequent familiarity of the theme. Just as you have got an idea into your head (and persons living in the neighbourhood referred to very seldom get ideas, on account of the proximity of St. Stephen's, which exhausts the whole ideal atmosphere of the neighbourhood) "Take thou the Sabre, &c.," cuts it off at once, and "Fifty Years Ago" sends it back into the mighty past, from which of course it can never be recovered.

By way of obviating, for the future, grinds in general, and sabres of my father in particular, let it be suggested that all the grinders in the metropolis shall be made to play inside the House of Commons during the debates next Session, until such time as the House shall see fit to legislate on the question of their future destiny. There cannot be a doubt that Government would immediately pension off the veteran grinders, and levy a tax on literary men to pay for the expense. At all events, if grinding must continue as an institution, let us have licensed grinders, who shall be compelled to have organs which are more or less in tune, and which do not suggest the idea of a casual in a workhouse trying to be gay. Also, let it be enacted that no grinder shall be allowed to begin before a fresh house in the middle of a tune (an irregularity which is most injurious to a sensitive constitution, when repeated several times a-day, from the violent shock it gives the nervous system), and that when told to "go away" they shall not begin again at the very next door; which is a mere sarcastic mockery and evasion of the request to be rid of them altogether. In the event of money being thrown to a grinder, while in the full swing and passion of his grind, let him be obliged to finish his tune before he stops to pick the coppers up; for the sudden pause in the "Sabre of my Father," to a system which has just composed itself to the endurance, is often as distressing to the feelings as the unexpected plunge in *medias res*. Finally, let no grinder be allowed to grind within four miles of Charing-cross; for our suburban compatriots are comparatively so little to disturb their peace, that they may reasonably be expected to endure a little extra incursion of the muses.

Such, then, is the great work of legislation that lies before the British Parliament at their very first assembly in the ensuing month. It must be obvious to every profound and subtle thinker, that it were simply absurd for Parliament to discuss such trifling and ephemeral questions as the Irish Establishment, Education, or Vote by Ballot, when Organ-grinding, which is really the master calamity of the age, is suffered to crush the spirit and thwart the genius of those who write for their country (and themselves).

In another column we give particulars of the lectures and examinations that have been instituted for women, a movement which, as our readers know, we have advocated warmly for the last two years. We cannot but heartily rejoice therefore to see the progress the reform, from which we anticipate most important results, is making. Last year Cambridge examined 232 lady candidates, and in the examinations just concluded the same University has tested the merits of 401 candidates. The growing popularity accorded to these examinations is further shown by the vast increase in the number of candidates in the London district, which has risen from 62 to 136. The early career of the like examinations for boys, conducted by the same Universities, was far from winning a like success. It took several years to establish on a permanent basis, for boys, that which is now established for girls almost *ad saltum*. Not the least valuable result of these agencies will be, in our opinion, the pressure they will put upon ordinary ladies' schools. As an intelligent writer in the *City Press* urges, if we entertain any doubt now upon our minds whether our girls are being really well taught, and whether we are honestly receiving money's worth for our money in their education, we have only to send them to the nearest testing-house, where gold will count as gold, and dross as dross. The worthless schools for young ladies will suffer by the test as they deserve, and the schools of real worth, that do the work of education honestly to their own credit and the lifelong welfare of their pupils, will gain in the eyes of the country as they ought by the test.

A sad instance of juvenile spite is presented by a case that we have already briefly announced, and the extended hearing of which before the bench has resulted in a committal for trial. We refer to the girl Isabel Scales, only twelve years old, who attempted to poison the family in which she was employed at Pickering, in Lancashire. She had mixed some tartar emetic and nitre used for agricultural purposes, and which she had been told was poison, with the sugar used by the family, and the result was that her mistress and three children were made seriously ill. On the morning when the poisoned sugar was used the girl asked to have her own coffee sweetened with treacle, but deliberately put the sugar herself into the children's cups. Subsequently she complained of feeling ill, and her mistress gave her some camomile tea, sweetening it with the poisoned sugar, which the girl had not sense enough to throw away, and she consequently suffered as well as her victims. When she was taken into custody she said, "I should not have done it, but the boys punched me and pushed me about," and when in the police-office she showed the officer the way she took out the poison and mixed it up with the sugar, saying she knew it was poison because her master had told her so. The prisoner had no defence to make, and indeed seemed not to understand her position at all.

The New Year's festivities are over in France, and a happy time our neighbours seem to have had of it, for with them, as with the Scotch, New Year's Day is one of the most important holidays of the year, but unlike the Scotch, the French will spend enormous sums in nick-knacks on the occasion. A calculating Frenchman has declared that the Parisians spend annually for New Year's gifts 400,000l. The bonbon shops are crowded with customers; sugar-plums, in gay fancy boxes, are supposed to be the proper things to give to ladies where you have dined or danced during the year. Bouquets of flowers may be presented to ladies also with propriety. Then there are children's toys, which are purchased and given to children from a variety of causes. You may be an uncle or aunt and wish to make the young people happy, you may be no relation at all and desire to please mamma or papa. There is a toynshop on the Boulevards which produces every year some mechanical novelties, which are really works of art. The Parisians will spend from 4l. to 40l. on a toy. The child's altar of joy to which we refer is generally visited by the Empress, and this year the Queen of Spain honoured this aristocratic toy with a visit. From observation made this year amongst a wilderness of toys it seems that drawing-room games are in fashion.

Some months ago our readers will remember we referred to an experiment being made to solve the difficult problem how to preserve for use in England the immense and redundant meat resources of her colonies. A further step has now been taken in the matter by the sanguine gentleman whose name we then mentioned, and though further improvement seems necessary in the mode of preparation before the imported meat is likely to be employed by the general public, sufficient has been apparently accomplished to encourage the promoters of the movement to persevere. A few days ago, then, an experiment was tried by which a limited number of gentlemen were enabled to test the quality of meat imported into this country from Australia. The occasion was that of a luncheon prepared at the central depot of the Australian Meat Agency at Norton Folgate, where some seventy or eighty assembled guests, who had been invited by Mr. Tallerman, were presided over by Mr. G. F. Vernon (agent-general for Victoria), both gentlemen being interested in the prosperity of the undertaking. Mr. Tallerman, it appears, has spent much time and money in the endeavour to promote the successful exportation of food from Australia to this country, and his desire on the present occasion was that every article intended to be consumed should be composed of meat derived from that colony. In this respect Mr. Tallerman's wish was studiously obeyed, and hence the company were provided with harricots, curries, meat-pies, boiled beef, pressed beef, baron, German sausages, and other viands. But before entering into any particulars regarding the banquet, some reference should be made to the manner in which the meat is treated before it is placed upon the table. The process appears to be to remove the bones and to salt it in the colony, and, after enveloping it in a covering of coarse cloth, hermetically seal it in large iron tanks, in which it comes to this country. Here it is

smoked and prepared in the various shapes which render it available to consumers; and it would seem, from certain statistics brought forward by Mr. Tallerman, that the estimated value of mutton and beef exported from Australia in 1866 was 3,500*l.*, in 1867 10,000*l.*, and in 1868 18,000*l.*, representing in the last-mentioned instance 75,000*lb.* weight of meat. The result of the luncheon seems to have been, as far as could be fairly judged under the circumstances, that the more solid substances, such as the boiled beef and the haricot mutton, presented a peculiar *gout* of prevailing saltiness not quite in accordance with the educated palates of English epicures; while the more elaborately prepared specimens, such as the potted meats, the mutton-pies, and certain of the sausages, were considered to be tasty and desirable. It must be confessed, however, that amongst the sausages there was one particular form of that commodity which conveyed the very distinct impression that, though the "material" was there in all its integrity, the artists who prepared it had not acquired the delicate science of converting it into very palatable food. But on the whole the company seemed to be of opinion that, inasmuch as the experiment tried on this occasion had reference only to salted, in contradistinction to preserved meat, the result was sufficiently satisfactory to warrant the public in giving some encouragement to the undertaking which Mr. Tallerman is strenuously endeavouring to promote. Preserved meats (hermetically sealed in tin vessels) will form the attraction at a subsequent banquet.

The wretched little Arab of the London streets is one of the most pitiable among the many distressing objects which have enlisted the sympathy and demanded the aid of the humane and philanthropic. In country districts, or in the mass of provincial towns, it has been truly remarked, the condition of the homeless and neglected child, bad as it may be, is infinitely better and less disastrous. There, at least, he has a chance of being known, and either looked after by a kind neighbour, or helped through some parochial or religious organisation; there, too, he has fresh air to breathe and green fields to disport in, with an occasional feast from the wild produce of the wayside or the woods. The young outcast or wanderer in this great overgrown city has not these, perhaps negative, advantages to make his sad fate more endurable. He hails from some squalid and filthy court or alley, where scenes of misery and wickedness are constantly before his eyes, and prowls about our thoroughfares in rags and dirt, with the look of one who feels he has no right to be there, as unknown and unbefriended as the very discarded dogs whom the authorities have recently taken under their protection, and with almost less prospect of satisfying the cravings of his hunger. Happily, however, there are warm hearts and ready hands that have determined that these poor pariahs shall not be left to grow up and swell the number of the criminal classes that are the terror of our streets and the bane of national economists and social reformers, at least, without an effort being made to save them; hence arose the Boys' Refuge in Great Queen-street, Lincoln's-inn-fields, and the Girls' Refuge in Broad-street, Bloomsbury. On Tuesday the boys and girls of these excellent institutions—or, rather institution, for they are one—to the number of nearly 500, including the boys from the training ship *Thetis*, were feasted with roast beef, plum-pudding, and oranges at the Boys' Refuge in Great Queen-street, Lincoln's-inn-fields. Upwards of 100 of them were girls, half from the Girls' Refuge in Broad-street, Bloomsbury, and half from their new house at Ealing, where they are being trained for domestic service, and bid fair to need only good mistresses to make them capital servants. After the dinner Mr. Sergeant Cox, M.P., complimented them on their good behaviour, and applauded the objects of the institution. Possibly on the principle that the existence of the Refuges tends to reduce taxation by the prevention of crime, he advocated a Government grant, and promised to do his best to secure one. The special want of the institution at this time is a sum of 2,000*l.* to remove the debt upon the new farm school at Bisleigh, which is now completed, and will house its full complement of 100 boys before the end of this month.

The Premier drew a distinction between the words *womanly* and *womanish*, while addressing his constituents at Greenwich, which certainly merits attention in our columns. *Womanly* is an almost reverential epithet. It implies goodness, tenderness, fidelity. "On womanly rags" was the strongest phrase which Hood could find for expressing a garb which unsexed its wearer. An *unwomanly* woman means a monstrosity; while *true womanly* pity, or real womanly sympathy, goes straight to the heart of all who have suffered, or are suffering. To be *womanly* is consistent with talent and genius, though there are many clever women whose *womanliness* is not pre-eminent. In short, to be *womanly* should be the first grade of woman; and the epithet, if applied to men, as it is in rare instances, and under circumstances which are exceptional, conveys an impression of goodness of heart, of a nature unspotted by the world, and of trustworthiness unsullied and complete. *Womanish* is the reverse of all this. It conveys the Oriental or brute notion of women; puppets, coy, to be used as playthings by the superior animal, and to be thrown aside—beings whose humanity is devoid of all that makes humanity holy; such are the *womanish* women of the sensualists of the East—such is the contemptuous meaning the adjective bears here. To speak of an Englishman as *womanish* is to hold him up to the bitterest contempt. Effeminacy, cowardice, spite, and petty viciousness are all conjured up—and it would be difficult to find a more complete antithesis than exists between the words quoted by Mr. Gladstone in his now memorable address.

In that best form of national harmony which is antagonistic to "treason's stratagems and spoils" all the ac-

counts from Sicily speak of the great progress which has been made by Prince Humbert and the Princess Marguerite in winning the affections of the Sicilian people and promoting such a spirit of loyalty as is likely effectually to keep in check the reactionary faction of Palermo. The naturally graceful and kind-hearted every moment in traits of considerate generosity, has made her an immense favourite. Whenever she makes her appearance her carriage is filled with flowers; and on her visiting, a few days ago, the Hospital of Palermo (the immediate object of the visit being to inquire after the health of a poor child, whom the mother had let slip from her arms at the moment of presenting a petition to the Princess), the demonstration of enthusiastic loyalty made by the crowds of Palermitan women who gathered round the hospital was marked by a truly Southern energy.

A late number of the *Galaxy*, an American paper, gives some interesting particulars concerning the earlier efforts of American women towards qualifying themselves as physicians, efforts that have, doubtless, given the impetus to the movement in this country. It seems that the question of imparting to women a thorough medical education received serious consideration as early as the year 1842, when Elizabeth Blackwell, a lady of English birth, but residing in New York, became impressed with the great need felt by many women for competent physicians of their own sex; and though entirely without means or encouragement, she resolved to devote herself to this object. Engaged in teaching, she practised the strictest economy, and devoted all her leisure hours to the solitary study of medicine, anatomy, and Latin, and in two years had made sufficient progress and saved enough money to spend six months of medical study under two physicians of Philadelphia city. Desiring to obtain a diploma, she exerted every energy to obtain admission to the medical schools, and was at last successful in her application to the Geneva Medical College, in Western New York. Here she studied with assiduity, practised the most rigid economy, and succeeded in overcoming many prejudices, and obtained the longed-for diploma. She is claimed as the first woman who ever received, legally and officially, the degree of doctor of medicine. She pursued her studies still further in Paris and London, and in 1851 returned to the United States and settled in New York, where now, in addition to an extensive practice, she fills the chair of Hygiene in the Medical College for Women in the New York Infirmary. Miss Adamson, of Chester county, Pennsylvania, is claimed as the next to pass through similar struggles, and though receiving more private encouragement, she had even greater difficulty in pursuing a regular course of study. A class of women students, however, having been formed at the Medical College of Syracuse, she availed herself of the opportunity, and ultimately received the degree of M.D. For sixteen years she also has enjoyed an extensive practice in Rochester, New York. A younger sister of Blackwell soon followed in her footsteps. After many wearisome and fruitless efforts she obtained admission into the Cleveland Medical College, and graduated in 1854 with distinguished honours. She is now associated with her sister in medical practice, and in the college of the New York Infirmary. In 1856, the same college graduated Maria Zakewzka, a Prussian lady of rare acquirements, who had developed and cultivated her passion for medicine from the age of eleven, and who had come to this country without means and without understanding the English language, in hopes of finding that encouragement that had been denied her at home. In New York, threatened with starvation, she worked at worsted embroidery sixteen hours a day for 36*c.*, but never despaired of attaining her object, in which, at length, through the assistance of Elizabeth Blackwell, she succeeded, and has now a lucrative practice in Boston. Philadelphia is entitled to early credit in opening this new field of honourable service to educated and intelligent women. As early as 1849 or 1850 the Women's Medical College of Pennsylvania was organised. It has been in operation ever since.

#### DRESSING THE DOLL.

THIS is the way we dress the doll:  
First you observe her little chemise,  
As white as milk, with ruffles of silk;  
And the little drawers that cover her knees,  
As she sits or stands, with golden bands,  
And lace in beautiful fringes.

Bless the doll, you may press the doll,  
But do not crumple or mess the doll,  
This is the way we dress the doll.

Now these are the bodies—she has two,  
One of pink, with ruffles blue,  
And sweet white now a button, do!  
And one of green, with buttons shown,  
Buttons and bands of gold, I ween,  
With lace on the border, in lovely order,  
The most expensive we can afford her!

Bless the doll, you may press the doll,  
But do not crumple or mess the doll,  
This is the way we dress the doll.

Then, with the black-at-the-border jacket;  
And this—and it is—no need lack it;  
Skirts! Why, there are skirts, of course,  
And shoes and stockings we shall enforce,  
With a proper bodice, in the proper place  
(Stays which lace have had in their days  
And made their martyrs); likewise garters,  
All entire. But our desire  
Is to show you her night attire,  
At least a part of it—Pray admire  
This sweet white thing that she goes to bed in,  
It's not the one that's made for her wedding;  
That is special, a new design,  
Made with a charm and a countersign.  
Bless the doll, you may press the doll,  
But do not crumple or mess the doll,  
This is the way we dress the doll.

#### New Books.

*Life and Adventures of Audubon.* Sampson Low & Co.

AUDUBON, the naturalist, was a striking example of the conflict of genius with adversity. There was a time in his life when he was extremely well off; and, being endowed by nature with the dangerous gift of personal beauty, he was disposed to anticipate that measure of future success which usually attends upon the happy combination. But, just at the period when fortune most was wanted to aid him in the development of his grandest work, he became almost a beggar; so that he speaks of himself as being alone in London, without a sovereign and without a friend, fighting the up-hill game of pushing on an expensive publication which required an enormous number of subscribers, and for which it was impossible to ensure success without that species of prolonged and patient labour which depends so much on money for its prosecution.

The "Ornithological Biography" of Audubon is a work which even Cuvier and Sir Thomas Lawrence regarded, in the incipient stages of its elaboration, as altogether unique in point of talent, as well as of range and comprehension. An enthusiastic friend, who worshipped Audubon with that passionate homage which is almost peculiar to men of a kindred love of painting, music, or some inspiring art, describes his pictures with a delicious abandonment of admiration, and uses language which has something in it of that pleasant folly which is commonly called "idolatry." It must certainly have been an excuse for wild delight to the enthusiastic disciple of the no less ardent naturalist, to have stood over the portfolio of original sketches of birds or tropical scenes, while the impassioned Audubon was himself turning over the pages, and recounting the incidents which attended the capture of some of the birds—the protracted chase, and at last the successful shot which made him the master of the rarest specimen of the plumed creation. A naturalist, if he be a man of fire and romance, as well as profoundly versed in the knowledge and experiences of his art, is perhaps a man above all others to appreciate the poetry of whatever is beautiful in nature; and Audubon was so essentially a poet in his estimate of the objects of life, so fond of romance, and so given to "paint" even the commonest occurrences of the simplest career, that his brush was never really out of his hand; and a sheet of letter-paper became to him a stretch of canvas on which to pictorialise the ordinary details of the day. Indeed, if the truth must be told, Audubon carried the ambition of an artist to a point that closely touched upon the grotesque. He is said to have been so excessively vain of his personal appearance, as to have delighted in a flowing mane of curly hair about his shoulders, which gave him, undoubtedly, the appearance of an artist, but also indicated too overtly the character of the man who courted personal admiration. When his friends prevailed with him at last to part with these meandering tresses, for the sake of putting himself into harmony with the fashion and conceptions of the age, he wrote an epitaph of touching lamentation on the sad bereavement; which, by a paradox, is said to have so affected the complexion of his hair, as to have changed the Auburn to a grey.

But all men have their weaknesses; and there is, happily, an innocent kind of vanity which we may associate with an abstract love of art and picturesque effect, and conclude that it merely transfers to self the admiration which it is generously ready to render equally to others. Audubon's hair was cut about the time that the wings of fortune were being cruelly clipped in her flights towards his now impoverished home. His wife gave lessons as a governess; while he himself (oh! most humiliating disclosure of the shifts to which great minds are put) supported himself for several weeks by teaching dancing! But his mind, in this conjuncture, was always above his feet; and as he tuned the sportive waltz or polka (for he played his own accompaniment on the fiddle) he was dreaming abstractedly of the distant prairie, with the birds that were waiting for the privilege of being assorted into his collection, and were growing impatient because he would not hasten to their "immortality." At last good fortune came. Audubon lived to realise his hopes, to publish his splendid work on birds, to settle down domestically with his wife and children in America, and to complete (at least sufficiently for posthumous publication) his book entitled "The Quadrupeds of North America," with other minor volumes of exceeding talent.

It may interest the reader who may possibly not as yet have made the acquaintance of Audubon, if we give a brief quotation from one of his diaries, as an example of his powers of describing scenery. Probably the passage was not originally intended for publication; but the author's reputation will not be injured by the liberty:—

All trembling I reached the Falls of Niagara, and oh, what a scene! my blood shudders still, although I am not a coward, at the grandeur of the Creator's power; and I gazed motionless on the new display of the irresistible force of one of His elements. The falls, the rainbow, the rapids, and the surroundings, all unite to strike the senses with awe; they defy description with pen or pencil; and a view satisfied me that Niagara never had been, and never will be painted. I moved towards the rapids, over which there is a bridge to Goat



Island, that I would like to have crossed, to look on the water which was rushing with indescribable swiftness below, but was deterred by the low state of my funds. Walking along the edge of the stream for a few hundred yards, the full effect of the whole grand rush of the water was before me. The colour of the water was a verdigris green, and contrasted remarkably with the falling torrent. The mist of the spray mounted to the clouds, while the roaring below sounded like constant heavy thunder, making me think at times that the earth was shaking also.

From this point I could see three-quarters of a mile down the river, which appeared quite calm. I descended a flight of about seventy steps, and walked and crouched along a rugged slippery path to the edge of the river, where a man and a skiff are always waiting to take visitors to the opposite shore. I approached as near the falling water as I could, without losing sight of the objects behind me. In a few moments my clothes were wet. I retired a few hundred yards to admire two beautiful rainbows, which seemed to surround me, and also looked as if spanning obliquely from the American to the Canadian shore. Visitors can walk under the falling sheet of water, and see through it; while at their feet are thousands of eels, lying side by side, trying, vainly, to ascend the torrent.

I afterwards strolled through the village to find some bread and milk, and ate a good dinner for twelve cents. Went to bed at night thinking of Franklin eating his roll in the streets of Philadelphia; of Goldsmith travelling by the help of his musical powers; and of other great men who had worked their way through hardships and difficulties to fame; and fell asleep hoping, by persevering industry, to make a name for myself among my countrymen.

#### NEW BOOKS FOR THE LADY'S LIBRARY.

Bentley Palace, with Preface, &c., by Sheridan, 12mo, 6s. cloth.  
Barke's Viscountess of Families, 2 vols., crown 8vo, 21s. cloth.  
Chambers's Journal, Vol. for 1868, royal 8vo, 9s. cloth.  
Children's Joy, by Anne, 12mo, 6s. cloth.  
Dumas' Count of Monte Christo, 12mo, 3s. roxb.  
Fairy Tales, by Skimbie Scamble, crown 8vo, 3s. cloth.  
Illustrated Book of Games, Riddles, and Rhymes, 9s. 1s. 6d. boards.  
Irby's Italy, Original Poems and Translations, crown 8vo, 3s. 6d. cloth.  
Martineau's Biographical Sketches, crown 8vo, 3s. 6d. cloth.  
Sewall's Breeds Land and Modern Society, 3 vols., crown 8vo, 31s. 6d. cloth.  
Strickland's Lives of the Tudor Princesses, crown 8vo, 12s. 6d. cloth.  
Taylor's Thackeray the Humorist, and Man of Letters, 12mo, 1s.  
Vaughan's Foes of our Enemies, 12mo, 3s. 6d. cloth.  
Whitty's Wife and Child, 3 vols., crown 8vo, 31s. 6d. cloth.

### The Drama.

#### CHRISTMAS ENTERTAINMENTS.

THE cry that has been heard on all sides for the last few years to the effect that pantomime manifests symptoms of decline in England, is this season taken up again with greater cogency than ever, and though there is perhaps no denying its strict justice, it is equally true that Harlequin and Columbine still take the field with much show of vigour, and seem determined to die hard, if the exigencies of theatrical management shall ever compel them to that dire extremity. In Western London pantomimes have been this season produced only at Covent-garden, Drury-lane, and the Lyceum, unless we journey so far west or north-west as to include in our list the Royal Alfred, late the Marylebone Theatre. Not many years back the Adelphi, the Princess's, the Olympic, and Haymarket were wont almost every Christmas to present harlequinades to their patrons, but now they restrict themselves to melodrama and burlesque. The new theatres—the Holborn, the Queen's, the Globe, and the Gaiety—unburdened with the obligations of tradition, produce just such entertainments as their managers deem most advisable, and in each case the claims of pantomime to possess the stage at Christmas have been on the present occasion properly ignored. Still, after all, its losses may be regarded as mere "outpost" affairs, when it is borne in mind that pantomime yet occupies such strongholds as our two largest theatres in the West, while in East and South London its absolute supremacy is not disputed for one moment.

The position taken by Drury-lane some years since as the pantomime house par excellence has stimulated the spirit of rivalry in Covent-garden, which, operating during the whole of the fashionable season, is sure to become pantomimic at Christmas. Mr. E. T. Smith, too, having gained great fame by the splendour of his pantomimes at Astley's, attempts to preserve his reputation by the same means now he has become manager of the Lyceum. When, however, we have enumerated Drury-lane, Covent-garden, and the Lyceum, the list of harlequinades are practically closed, so far as visitors of the middle and upper classes are concerned.

The Drury-lane pantomime of the present year, which is of course written by Mr. E. L. Blanchard, is entitled *Grimaldine the Great; or, Harlequin Puss in Boots and the Miller's Sons*. As is usually the case at Drury-lane, the pantomime company is double. Messrs. S. Saville and J. Hulme are the harlequins, Mesdames Lizzie Grosvenor and Adele Marian the columbines, Messrs. H. Boleno and C. Lauri the clowns, and Messrs. Paul Hering and Morris the pantalons. But nowadays the nominal chiefs of pantomime have less to do than in the olden time, and the attractions of the harlequinade at Drury-lane consist chiefly of exhibitions in which harlequin has no part. Among them is a ballet, by the "girls of the period," typified after a fashion made known by Messrs. Stagg and Mantle, a troupe of performing dogs, and a dance by a very minute dancer. But most effective of all is the representation of the deck of a man-of-war manned by 300 children. They go through a series of evolutions, terminating with the semblance of an engagement and wave of the Union Jack as a signal of victory. This scene is admirably managed, and is one of the best things in the entire pantomime.

Mr. Augustus Harris being responsible manager of Covent-garden Theatre from Christmas until the time at which it closes its doors to re-open them again for Italian opera, a pantomime relying in a great measure for its attraction on those exhibitions of stage contrivance to the invention and carrying out of which he owes his fame was of course anticipated. Nor has *Robinson Crusoe, or Friday and the Fairies*, produced with well-merited success on Boxing-night before a house crowded to the roof, disappointed

expectation. The opening burlesque, from the experienced pen of Mr. Henry J. Byron, though deriving its name, owes few of its incidents to the world-renowned history of Defoe. Mr. Byron has conjured up elves and fairies, together with a set of nondescript Indians, who, while cannibals, are more like travesties of the Indians in Meyerbeer's *Africaine* than the dear old savages we remember in the genuine *Robinson Crusoe*, bent upon roasting and eating poor "Man Friday." He has thereby, nevertheless, afforded Mr. Harris a variety of opportunities which that ingenious gentleman and his associates have turned to excellent advantage. The transformation scene is one that will prove the special delight of all the happy children taken to see it.

Then at the Lyceum Mr. E. T. Smith's pantomime is entitled, or rather, more correctly, has for one of its titles, *Harlequin Humpty Dumpty and Dame Trot and her Cat*; and though on the night of its production there were several rather serious litches in the performance, these have since been remedied, and it will, we think, prove not by any means the least efficient of the many holiday entertainments Mr. Smith has superintended.

Besides these there is the Christmas piece at the Holborn, *King Turko the Terrible; or, the Fairy Roses*, from the pen of Mr. W. Brough; while the Crystal Palace and Agricultural-hall each offer their attractions for the pleasure seekers. Of these, however, with the South and East London Theatres, space forbids our speaking this week.

### Musical, Literary, and Art Notings.

ACCORDING to the *Figaro*, Mdlle. Nilsson is exceedingly clever as a sculptor. It adds that the next exhibition will probably contain a statuette executed by her.

It is announced, on the authority of Mr. Sims Reeves, that Mr. Hallé has given in his adhesion to the proposition to lower the musical pitch to the French standard, and that there is every reason to believe that Mr. Martin will follow the example.

One of the best painters of Rome, Cesare Fracassone, has just died at the early age of thirty years. His remains were accompanied to their last resting place by all the artists of Rome, the Pope on this occasion having relaxed the law against funeral processions. Fracassone's greatest work was the "Martyrs of Garinichum."

Among other property left by M. Jacques Laffitte in 1844, and the right to which is still a matter of contestation, was a picture by Ary Scheffer of the Battle of the Moskowa. It was deposited by the curator, M. Hue, in a house in the Rue de Rennes, Paris, where it was recently seized for rent. A judge has now ordered the painting to be sold by public auction for the payment of the rent due, and the balance is to be distributed to the parties who shall establish their right to it.

The *Imperial Review* has ceased to exist, terminating its career with the end of the year.

Probably the finest collection of paintings in the Western States of America, and a valuable library, were destroyed at the burning of the residence of Mr. John A. Huck in Chicago, recently.

A donation from "Her Majesty's royal bounty" has been granted to Miss Barbara Fyfe, of Nottingham, in consideration of the distinguished services to literature and science of her late father, Mr. W. Fyfe.

The oldest Royal Academican, Abraham Cooper, formerly famous for his horse and battle pieces, is dead, at the great age of eighty-two years. Mr. A. Cooper has survived nearly all the men of his year, and the Royal Academy Exhibition of 1812, so long ago it is since his first work, "The Farrier's Shop," was shown to the public between two very famous paintings—Turner's "Oxford from the Abingdon-road," and Stothard's "Canace."

The Paris journal, *Le Ménestrel*, mentions a new invention which should earn for its author the gratitude of millions. It consists of an apparatus which, applied to any piano, will deaden the sound emitted. There are few persons who have not been sometimes distracted by the practising of some too persevering player, and who would have paid any price for such a "mute" as that described.

"Catherine Parr" is the title of a new drama by MM. Couturier and Paul de Vigny, produced on Christmas Eve at the Théâtre Déjazet. Its scene is the Tower, in which Catherine, awaiting the execution for her death, receives the agreeable news that Henry is dead.

The following, taken from the *Publisher's Circular*, gives the amount, numerically, of the works issued in Great Britain during 1868: Our record of title-pages for the past year shows that 4,581 new books and new editions have been published in Great Britain during 1868, exclusive of mere re-issues and entries for alterations of price, and importations of foreign printed books; of this number of 4,581 no less than one-fourth were issued during the last two months of the year—viz., 569 in November and 534 in December; and adding to this total of 4,581 new books and new editions, 408 importations of original American books, and 103 registrations of alterations in price on re-issue, we have a gross total of 5,092 works.

Miss Marie St. Denis, an actress of great merit, who promised to become the star of the Austrian stage, committed suicide on the 24th November. A love affair is said to have been the cause.

Dr. Franz Brendel, the well-known defender of Richard Wagner's and Franz Liszt's music, and the successor of Robert Schumann in the editorship of the *Neue Zeitschrift für Musik*, died at Leipzig on the 25th of November.

Mdlles. Clara and Rosamunda Doris (daughters of John Barnett, the composer of the "Mountain Sylph") are engaged to sing in a new cantata by Mr. John Dunne, Mus. Bac., to be produced by the College Choral Society in Dublin, on the 25th inst., under the direction of Dr. R. F. Stewart.

An exciting scene occurred the other day at Alcazar. Mdlle. Rosa Sargi, a rope-dancer, was performing some jugglery feats, balancing daggers, lighted torches, &c., on the tight rope, when suddenly the terrible cry, "You are on fire!" arose from the audience. In reality a piece of burning stuff from one of the lighted torches had fallen on her head and set her long hair on fire. With one foot on the iron rope and another in the air the woman did not lose her presence of mind. She passed her hand over her clothes and felt nothing. "Avez chevrons!" cried the excited people. Mdlle. Sargi understood, and, carrying her hand to her head, rapidly stifled the fire. She then continued her performance as if nothing had happened.

Most persons will remember the sensation created some twenty years ago by the artist Ducrest, who, having no arms, painted

and wrote remarkably well with his feet. We are now told of a Mdlle. Marie, who, having neither arms nor legs, sews, embroiders, and writes by means of her mouth. Nothing can be more wonderful than to see this young girl, whose face is very pretty, threading a needle and using her scissors by means of her lips.

Dr. F. W. Krummacher, the well-known Evangelical divine, and author of "Elijah the Tishbite," died at Potsdam on the 10th ult.

A Berlin letter states that by order of King William the Court theatres of Hanover, Cassel, and Wiesbaden have received the denomination of "Royal" Prussian. The management is to be henceforward confided to Government functionaries named at Berlin.

Death has been very busy among the French dramatists and poets of late. Baudelaire, Tonsard, Lambert, Thiboust, Amélie Rolland, and Mallefille have followed each other in quick succession. The last death to be announced is that of Charles Bataille, a well-known journalist and writer of romances. For the stage he composed three or four successful works, the best known of which was the "Usurier de Village," written in conjunction with Rolland. His poems, "Frédérique" and "Les Montres Interlopes" received on their first appearance a good deal of attention. Bataille was barely forty years old, and had for some months previous to his death been deprived of his reason.

The sale of the late Marquis of Hastings's library was brought to a close on Friday evening last week, after occupying four days, the gross amount realised being 5,286*l.* The wines were sold on Saturday, and realised about 832*l.*

A total of 170*l.* has been subscribed for the purpose of inserting a memorial window in Christ Church, Todmorden, in memory of the late Rev. A. J. Plow.

A Paris paper, called *La Veilleuse*, has just been sentenced to 300 francs fine for publishing an article on Mdlle. Schneider, the "Grand Duchess of Gerolstein," which that lady prosecuted as "injurious to her honour and consideration."

### Notes Interesting and Odd.

THE following advertisement appears in a London local paper: "Females, young or old, will get paid for having their hair trimmed one inch shorter. Apply—"

The Empress's favourite toilette during her sojourn at Compiègne was a very dark maroon satin, which she laughingly named her "porte de prison" dress. It was looped up at the sides with bows ornamented with gold drop buttons and gold fringe. When her Majesty wore her toilette her head-dress was composed of a bow of gold braid, placed as an aigrette at the side of her forehead, with a star of diamonds in the centre. The Empress's head-dresses are never unbecoming. The celebrated M. Albert has of late acted as Court *coiffeur*, and several of the *éclatantes* have retained his services. He possesses sufficient art to arrange no two heads alike, and to adorn each with an ornament that harmonises well with its individual style of beauty.

A French Duchess has been insulted. She found an insupportable smell in her carriage one fine morning. Search was made, and in one of the pockets was found a bundle of red herrings. An aristocratic row followed, which was finally settled by the Duke discovering that he had taken a fancy to the fish, and then forgotten all about them.

PROCLAIMING BANS BY MOONLIGHT.—A curious case has just been noticed in the Scotch papers. For some time past a contest has been going on in Forganendy, N.B., regarding the right to discharge the duties of session clerk. The schoolmaster avers that he has the right, and the person who holds this appointment from the Kirk Session regards the schoolmaster as an intruder. On Sunday week two parties had given in notice of their intention to be married, and the proclamation would have been read by the precursor in the usual form, but the minister of the parish, hearing that the proclamation had been drawn out by the schoolmaster, refused to have it read. When the schoolmaster heard of the circumstance he drew out the proclamation anew, proceeded to the gate leading to the church, and read the proclamation of bans by moonlight. No objection was raised, and the parties were married.

A SCOTCH LADY OF THE OLDEN TIME.—Lord Cockburn, in his *Memorials of his Time*, speaks of "a singular race of Scotch old ladies," who were a delightful set; warm-hearted, very resolute, indifferent about the modes and habits of the modern world, and adhering to their own ways, who dressed, spoke, and did exactly as they chose. Among these examples of perfect naturalness was a Miss Menio Trotter, of whom Miss Grahame, in her *Memorials*, relates: "She was penurious in small things, but her generosity could rise to circumstances. Her dowry was an annuity from the estate of Mortenhall. She had a contempt for securities, and would trust no bank with her money, but kept all her bills and bank-notes in a green silk bag that hung on the toilet-glass. On each side of the table stood a large white bowl, one of which contained her silver, the other her copper—the latter always full to the brim, accessible to Peggy, her handmaid, or any other servant in the house; for the idea of anyone stealing money never entered her brain. Indeed, she once sent a present to her niece, Mrs. Cunningham, of a 60*l.* note, wrapped up in a cabbage-leaf, and intrusted it to the care of a woman who was going with a basket of butter to the Edinburgh market."

#### THE WEDDING RING.

I CLIMBED the hill, and looked around:

The prospect stretched out wide—  
Green valleys, rich woods, and shining sea,  
Beauty on every side.

So fair, so fair, so boundless all,

My spirit was oppressed;

My glance roamed round, now here, now there,

And knew not where to rest.

Then from my finger, half in play,

My wedding ring I drew,

And through that golden circle small

Looked out upon the view.

I saw a wreath of cottage-smoke,

A church spire rising by,

A river wind through quiet woods—

Above, a reach of sky.

This little picture I had made

Both cheered and calmed my soul;

True, I saw less, but what I saw

Was dearer than the whole.

More vivid lights, more solemn shades,

Such limits seemed to bring:

My portion of the world be still

Framed by my wedding ring!—*Macmillan.*

## London &amp; Paris Fashions, Toilet, &amp;c.

ALTHOUGH novelties in dress are being introduced nearly every week by Paris modistes for the delectation of their admiring patrons, we in England are not quite so whimsical or capricious, and have settled pretty definitely by this time on costumes for the winter. We have already described in these columns the more broadly marked toilets that have, or are likely to find favour, and may now, therefore, find time to glance at more general matters.

Dinner dresses are made in different styles; not unfrequently open square or heart-shaped, as well as quite low. The skirts should be very long, or looped up with a scarf. Black is always becoming, and many charming toilets are made of it. For example, some dresses of rich black gros-grain are made with low bodies, and either covered with a lace tunic or with flounces of lace put on so as to form a kind of tunic, looped up on paniers by means of a violet, blue, red, or autumn-leaf coloured satin scarf, bows of the same satin being placed on the black lace berthe. Berthes are much worn, whether of black or white lace or of muslin. Shot silks are very fashionable, as also velvets, both plain and figured. Fur is quite as much in request as it was last winter. Dresses of velvet and plush are trimmed with it, bands of fur being placed all round the bottom and carried up the front.

We are asked, says *Le Follet*, if it is considered more stylish to have the dress, jacket, and bonnet all of one shade. It certainly may be called more thoroughly Parisian than the richest toilet formed of a variety of colours, but the jacket of black velvet is always admissible, and looks well with any coloured dress; and if the bonnet cannot be of the same shade as the dress, black is doubtless more distinguished than any colour. Sometimes it is made to match in colour, but of a somewhat paler shade. The new mode of mixing red and pink is but a renewal of the fashion of the last century—as we see it portrayed in

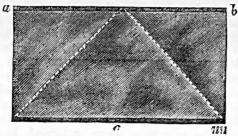


Fig. 1.

many old portraits—as well as the mingling of blue and nankeen, or blue and green; and a satin dress of the old red—which is, par excellence, the shade just now the most in vogue in Paris—trimmed with pink roses and black or white tulle, is considered a splendid toilet, the ornaments being of diamonds or pearls. Black and pink is still very recherché, but the pink should not predominate, but rather form merely the trimming.

Amongst other matters of interest we may notice here that short dresses are almost universal at Brighton, and where long dresses are worn they are caught up en panier for out of doors, to look as much like short dresses as possible. This is done by means of a band of broad black elastic which goes round the waist, to each side of which another piece of elastic is sewn, which forms a large loop hanging from the waist at the back, through which the length and fullness of the skirt can be drawn, giving the exact appearance of a panier when well managed.

Turning to Paris novelties in costume we have much to describe, for many of them will doubtless in due time become naturalised in this country. Our readers should, however, always bear one important fact in mind—namely, that the more exaggerated changes introduced into the French capital, though they may be met with in isolated cases in London, rarely find a permanent home in England, but have to be toned down considerably to suit our tastes and habits.

## PARIS ROBES.

The distinguishing feature of the Paris modes of the present season is undoubtedly their elaborate ornamentation. The skirt of the robe, which used to be such a simple affair, a long sweep of flowing drapery with nothing beyond its graceful folds to set it off, has now become one of the most complicated productions that can well be devised; and if it is only as difficult to invent as it is to describe, the task of the modiste must be bewildering enough. The basques attached to the corsage of the robe with the raised upper and flounced under skirts, give to the costume the appearance of a robe à trois jupes, in addition to which there is frequently a tablier in front, a scarf with long ends falling behind, or else a voluminous bouffant and large lappets hanging at the sides; besides an infinity of trimming in the form of buttons, bows, barrettes, rosettes, rouleaux, tassels, fringes, flounces, and festoons, almost as complex in their arrangement as a Chinese puzzle.

For toilettes de promenade, it is not simply the robe



Fig. 3.

courte which is the mode at present, but the most marked exaggeration of it, known as the jupe Camargo, so named after the famous dancer of the early part of last century, who first brought short skirts into fashion on the stage. Velvets appear to be as much in favour this season as they were last, spite of the efforts which are being made to force tartans into the foremost place. Certain of these velvet costumes, in narrow rainbow-coloured stripes on a dark ground, are most resplendent; too resplendent, in fact, for ordinary wear, although brilliant tints are the rule at

present. The corsages are usually plain, still one now and then finds them ornamented with a simulated pelerine bordered with deep rainbow-coloured fringe, which falls over the shoulders after the fashion of epaulettes. The upper jupes are arranged at the bottom in small festoons bordered with similar fringe and caught up by rosettes,



from which hang little fringed "pattes." A ribbon ceinture fastened behind with a bow and long ends will most likely encircle the waist. In front may or may not be a fringed tablier; if there is, the chances are that it will be compensated for by long fringed basques at the sides. The under jupe, if of the same material as the remainder of the robe, will be perfectly plain, but if of satin it will be bordered by a deep ruche surmounted by a row of little puffs.

## Fur Trimming for Robes.

Fur is already much employed this season for robes, and promises to be more so, although the *Lycurgus* of the Rue de la Paix endeavoured to restrict its use to mantles. The following elegant costumes will show how it is brought into requisition:—

A costume in garnet-coloured velvet has its short jacket, which is caught in tightly at the waist and fastened across the breast on the left side, bound all round with fur, with fur bands, moreover, at the collar and the cuffs. The extremely short upper jupe is bouffantée all round at the bottom, and has a series of perpendicular barrettes of varying lengths and ornamented with buttons disposed down the sides. The upper jupe of satin of the same shade of colour has a deep triple ruche at the upper part and a single deep ruche at the bottom, the intervening space being bouillonnée all over with tiny puffs.

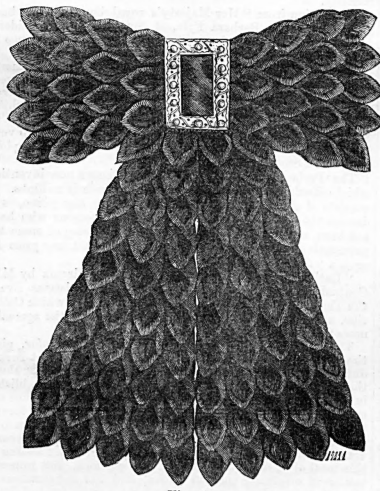


Fig. 5.

Another costume in bright blue velvet has the under jupe trimmed with a deep fur border, and a narrow band of fur a few inches above it. The short upper jupe, which is looped over to the left side with a band of fur, has a narrow fur border at the bottom. The corsage is, moreover, trimmed with fur at the neck and shoulders and up the front. The ceinture is of velvet, bound with fur, and the toilet is completed by a chapeau Russe and muff en suite, and half-boots of brown Russia leather.

A toilet in the new shade known as "flamme de Vésuve" consists of a satin robe with slight train, bordered by an exceedingly deep flounce, which is scalloped at the head, and has a band of grey fox fur about ten or twelve inches from the bottom. The cuffs of the tight-fitting sleeves are formed of fur, surmounted by small scallops in satin. A velvet pardessus of the same colour as the robe is made with a wide opening up the sides to the shoulders, and bordered all round with fur, the bottom being trimmed with a flounce similar to that round the skirt of the robe, but only half its depth. Behind is a hood, likewise bordered with fur, and down the front of the pardessus are a row of large velvet buttons.

So much for toilettes de promenade with fur trimming. Next week we will describe other stylish outdoor costumes.

## Toilettes de Visite.

Toilettes de visite are in the richest materials, and in

light and bright as well as deep splendid shades of colour. One of the latter has the underskirt of fluted garnet coloured velvet, bordered by a narrow satin ruche of the same shape. The upper jupe, which is in light blue glacé satin, figured with white, is looped up behind to form a voluminous bouffante by a bow in passementerie. The corsage is made with a pelerine, which has lappets in front, and is festooned behind by a rich ornament in passementerie, the numerous tassels attached to which fall down below the waist. A robe of the tint known as "feuille d'automne" has the under jupe in faye, trimmed all round with a series of narrow biais to the very edge of the black velvet upper skirt, which is ornamented transversely with a rich foliated design in black silk crochet on a satin ground. The triangular ends of the sash are ornamented to correspond. The corsage, open in front, shows a high chemisette in Venice guipure, and the tight sleeves are puffed at the shoulders and trimmed with passementerie at the cuffs. Another visiting toilet has the blue faye under jupe formed of a series of flounces, mounting one above the other, till they reach the dark blue satin upper jupe, which, slightly scalloped all round, falls tablier fashion in front to within a few inches of the bottom of the lower jupe, and has a rounded opening behind to show a large flounced bouffante in blue faye, which is, in this instance, more striking than becoming. The blue velvet corsage is gored at the sides, and has its short skirts fastened back with satin buttons, showing its facings of blue faye. The sleeves match the under jupe.

Another toilette de visite in pearl grey silk is made with a cardinal cape and a casaque which fits to the shape and is open in front, with pointed basques, which, as well as the cape, are ornamented with barrettes of a pale delicate brown satin—"nuance de blé," as it is styled—down either side. The cuffs of the tight sleeves are ornamented to match, and the narrow ceinture is en suite. The skirt, raised at the sides with a bow and band of pale brown satin so as to form a voluminous puff on either hip resembling the pack saddle of a mule, falls in a point in front. The under jupe of satin of the same colour as the

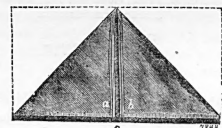


Fig. 2.

trimming of the robe is bordered by a deep ruche coquillée at the upper part.

## PARIS BONNETS.

Last week we spoke of the main characteristics of the ordinary chapeau of the season as variety and elaboration of trimming—flowers, feathers, lace, ribbon, and birds of brilliant plumage all being pressed into service. But though shapes and styles differ so that it is difficult, not to say impossible, to describe any one as the bonnet of the season, this at least seems certain: bonnets in Paris get, if anything, smaller, just as chignons become larger, and the spiral curls that hang from them get longer every day. Feather bonnets and hats are trimmed with feathers of more brilliant hues, in the same way that fur muffs and mantles are trimmed with furs of a different description. There is a variation of the chapeau Russe which we described last week, taller in shape and less round at the crown, which Paris modistes have christened the "talpack," after the Hungarian head-dress of that name. It is usually in dark sealskin or black astracan, and is trimmed with a plume of heron's feathers starting from a puff or bow of scarlet velvet posed almost immediately in front of the chapeau, which, by the way, should be worn cocked just a trifle on the right side.

The chapeau fauchon still continues in favour, and is likely to do so, as long as the chignon persists in enlarging itself. We have it in velvets of all colours, a preference being, however, given to the more brilliant shades, such as flamme du Vésuve, bright crimson, garnet, and blues of surpassing splendour. A chapeau formed of two rouleaux of magenta velvet, bordered on either side with ruches of black lace, and having strings to match, has for trimming merely a tall maize-colour feathery tuft; one in blue velvet is coquillée all over in large plaits, and trimmed at the side with a similar tuft, beside which is posed some exotic bird with a delicate flexible tail, which waves gracefully over the chignon; inside are some tiny rosebuds on a band of tulle illusion; the velvet strings are bordered with a triple piping of satin ribbon, matching the predominating tint of the bird's plumage. Other blue velvet bonnets are lined with white satin and trimmed inside with swan's-down and a dewy-looking maiden-bush rose, while outside are velvet bows and a white ostrich feather; the strings of white satin fasten under the chin. One chapeau in rich crimson velvet has the front composed of a series of per-

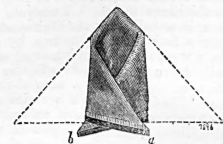


Fig. 4.

pendicular flutings in the form of the head-dress of the sphinx, and is trimmed with simply a large white ostrich feather, which droops gracefully behind, and is fastened with an Egyptian ornament. Another crimson velvet chapeau has its deep fronton coquillée, and surmounted with lace leaves, a puffed crown, and a narrow band, by way of curtain, finishing with a lace bayonet; a large crimson ostrich feather passes over the chapeau from one side to the other; the strings are of velvet bordered with lace. A similar chapeau in garnet-coloured velvet had a



little bird of green and golden brown plumage posed in addition at the side.

#### BOOTS AND SHOES.

In Paris Russian leather, velvet, and peau dorée are the fashionable materials for boots, which are trimmed with bows in front and tassels at the top, the more stylish being bound with fur or feathers and fastened with gilt buttons. Little gaiters, too, are coming into fashion; tartans and various showy mixtures being the materials to which preference seems to be given. The fashionable shoe is the "soulier à talons castignettes," that is, with tall, slender, tapering heels not unlike the neck of a wine bottle. It is of all colours, frequently bordered all round with riches of ribbon, and invariably ornamented in front with a bow almost as large as, and far more elaborate than, the one which fastens the indispensable "ceinture écharpe," and having a gold, silver, jet, pearl, or jewelled buckle or ornament in the centre.

#### FASHION JOTTINGS FROM NICE.

The correspondent of a contemporary, writing from Nice—whose fashionable resort, by the way, is very full just now—states that Christmas roses are the favourite flowers this season, but they are made to resemble carnations much more than roses. Although by no means true to nature, they look especially well with white, mauve, and light green dresses. Mme. de Pourtales appeared at Capriego in an exquisite toilet, ornamented with Christmas roses, and thus they became the fashion. Chignons of curls are more popular than ever; they commence with small curls at the very summit of the head, and terminate with long ringlets that fall below the waist. They remind one forcibly of the wigs that were worn during Louis XIV.'s reign. Bows of satin ribbon, the points of which stand upright, are now worn at the top of these curly chignons. Sometimes extremely delicate-looking flowers are entwined sparingly round the ringlets, and these add much more elegance to a toilet than the more formal satin bows.

The waists are worn considerably longer this season; and as for vandyked and scalloped trimmings, there is no end to them. The skirts are not looped up above the waistband, but about one inch and a-half below it.

#### OUR ILLUSTRATIONS.

##### THE COLOURED FASHION-PLATE.

**First Toilet (Dinner Dress).—**A violet gros grain with two skirts; the under is merely a flounce very slightly full beneath the second skirt, which is bordered by a flounce of black lace set on with a black taffetas ruche. A demie, cut open at the hips, is imitated with rows of black ruches, and bordered with a black lace flounce. The bodice, cut square in front, is garnished with a ruche, which is repeated round the armholes, where it heads a fall of black lace. Black lace ornaments the cuffs and composes the rosette. A white muslin chemisette covers the neck, and a cross suspended from a black velvet is secured round the throat. The hair is dressed with a rose and an aigrette of buds. Yellow gloves.

**Second Toilet (Walking Costume).—**A robe of fawn-coloured cachemire, long, but without a train, bordered by a flounce bound with taffetas. The bodice is trimmed with ruches round the armholes and round the throat. The Lucretia mantle of black velvet is edged with a deep fringe and folded into peaks, and laid above a cross-cut band of the same material. A small Macfarlane pelerine is ornamented with a medallion and tassels. The bonnet is of Honiton lace, with a coronet of roses.

**Third Toilet (Ball Costume).—**A dress of pink taffetas with four flounces placed one over the other, bound with pink satin; they are headed by two bands of satin. The second skirt is composed of pink satin divided by bullionettes of frills and pink net. Sash of pink taffetas with satin facing. Berthe, puffs of tulle. The hair is dressed with roses. White gloves.

**Fourth Toilet (Short Dress).—**Green taffetas with three small flounces, with satin rolls at the top. Tunic bordered with a frill, headed by three rolls like those on the under skirt; it is caught up at both sides by a rosette. This figure gives a front view of the Lucretia mantle, worn also by the second figure. A fauchon bonnet with a double fall of black lace behind, a group of flowers over the brow, and brides flounced with lace.

**Fifth Toilet (Short Dress).—**A short striped cachemire skirt, a tunic of cachemire edged with flouncing of the same. Marie Antoinette fichu, en suite, tied behind. Body and sleeves like the under skirt. Hat of grey straw trimmed with black lace and brown ribbon.

#### MORNING CAP.

This cap can be either made in fine and broad netting, or composed of Brussels net and insertions run with ribbon. The cap can be made from the illustrations.

#### CRAVAT.

This very pretty cravat, to be worn with an open walking jacket, is made of satin ribbon. It is composed of a series of leaves laid one over the other, and made according to the diagrams. Thus: Take a piece of ribbon, as in fig. 1, and fold it at *a* and *b* as shown in fig. 2. Next

take the corners marked *a* and *b* in fig. 3 and fold them as in fig. 4. Then tack them on muslin, cut the shape of the cravat, and finish it as in fig. 5.

#### The Hair.

CHILDREN have what is called their baby hair until until they have attained that age, and some—as Dr. Brown, of Edinburgh—urge that it should not be cut at all. But up to that age it is like the first plumage of the young bird—is soft, downy, and delicate—and quite unlike the crop that succeeds it, in all except colour, and that, too, often changes materially. When they have reached the age of six or seven it may be carefully cut, but once cut, it will have to be cropped at regular intervals. Putting up the hair of children in curling-papers breaks it and checks its growth; often pulls it out at the roots. Curling irons are fatal to the hair of both children and grown persons. The heat saps up all the juice out of the fibres as effectually as fire or frost saps the vitality of a green branch, leaving it but a dry, withered skeleton. The practice which hairdressers have of frizzing out the hair with a comb, to make the most of it, is one of the most cruel injuries that can be inflicted upon living hair. The comb cuts it in the act of frizzing it. You can test the truth of this by combing out the hair after it has been so dressed. The hair sometimes comes out by handfuls;

yellow tinge of the Englishman's hair, its peculiar fall and its way of setting to his head, are as different from that of the German as two things that are like, and yet unlike, can well be, while the carrotty locks of the sanguine Celt are different from those of the other two; and whoever has seen a fair-haired Scot would not mistake his head for that of either of the preceding three. In each case the hair has a peculiar look, and tint, and texture, and set of its own. Among the Irish women, however, a chestnut brown seems to predominate. But among the Irish and English, in certain districts, we meet with fine specimens of blue-black hair, but quite different from the Spanish or Italian type. French hair is not so decided in its colouring as the English. It is black very often, but not the sombre black of the Spaniard, nor the rich brown-black of the Italian; and very often it is a dark brown. Blonde hair is not so uncommon among the French as those who have not seen them at home may think. But the Italian blonde hair is the most beautiful of all. It has not the cold look of the light hair of Northern nations, for the sun has bronzed its fairness, and there is a warm tinge in its sunny ripples.

(To be continued.)

#### Cookery and Domestic Hints.

WHAT TO DO WITH THE OLD POULTRY.—Mrs. Toogood, in her "Treasury of French Cookery," published by Bentley, supplies some good practical directions for the using up of old poultry, which will be specially acceptable to many of our readers at this season:—

**POULTRY CROQUETTES.**—**CROQUETTE DE VOLAILE.**—Melt a bit of butter in a stewpan; put into it chopped parsley and mushrooms, two spoonfuls of flour, salt, pepper, and nutmeg. Fry it, and pour in stock and a little cream. This sauce ought to have the consistency of thick milk. Cut up any poultry, which has been cooked the day before, into dice. Put them into the sauce and let it get cold. Form it into balls, and cover them with bread crumbs. Wash these in eggs which have been beaten up, and roll them in bread crumbs a second time. Fry them to a good colour, and serve with a garnish of fried parsley. Croquettes of veal or rabbit may be prepared in the same way.

**BLANQUETTE DE VOLAILE.—ENTREE.**—Cut up cold roast fowl into thin slices, and put them into a white sauce. Let it simmer for a quarter-of-an-hour, and serve.

**CAPLOTADE DE VOLAILE.—ENTREE.**—This dish is made of the remains of poultry. A little butter is melted and mixed with flour, salt, pepper, herbs, and mushrooms which have been scalded and cut up small. When this begins to turn yellow a mixture of equal parts of white wine and gravy stock is poured in. After it has boiled for twenty minutes the pieces of any sort of roast poultry, having been nicely cut, are put into the sauce. It is left over the fire for a quarter-of-an-hour and served.—*Another recipe:* Take poultry which has been dressed for the day before and cut it up. Put it into a stewpan with a thickening of butter and flour. Add half a glass of stock. Let it simmer. Before serving put in gherkins cut in slices.

**SALAD DE VOLAILE.—ENTREE.**—Take a fowl dressed the day before, either whole or cut. Remove the flesh in nice slices. Arrange them with taste with a lettuce cut up. This should be placed at the bottom of a dish or salad bowl. Add other lettuces. Garnish with anchovies cut in slips. Season with the sauce usually made for salads. This dish may be made with game.

**POULTRY SALAD.**—**SALADE DE VOLAILE.**—Take a cold roast fowl and cut it up. Put it into a deep dish or salad bowl. Mingle it with bits of the hearts of lettuce. Add hard eggs, anchovies cut in strips, gherkins, and herbs. Vinegar and other sauce may be added after it comes to table.

The following receipts for giblet soup will form a fitting supplement to the above:—

**GIBLET SOUP.**—Miss Jewry recommends four sets of duck, or two of goose giblets; one pound of gravy beef; three quarts of water; a bunch of sweet herbs; one onion; yepel and juice of half a lemon; one ounce of butter; a spoonful of flour; one glass of white wine; two teaspoonfuls of mushroom ketchup; pepper, salt, and cayenne to your taste. Scald and thoroughly clean the giblets, cut them into pieces, and put them into three quarts of water, add the pound of beef gravy, the sweet herbs, onion, yepel of half a lemon cut very thin, and a seasoning of butter and salt; let it boil over the fire and let it simmer till the giblets are quite tender, when strain the soup into a bowl. Put the butter, mixed with the flour, into a stewpan, and stir it until brown, then pour in the strained soup and let it boil up again, stirring it constantly. In ten minutes skim it clean, and again strain it through a fine sieve, add the wine, ketchup, cayenne, and the juice of a lemon, and serve it very hot with the giblets. Be careful. If you have any stock by you use it instead of the beef.

*Another Way.*—Take the bones, a pint and a-half of water, one onion, three or four cloves, a small piece of toasted bread, a bunch of sweet herbs, peppercorns and salt to taste. Crack the bones, put the pint and a-half of water to them, the onion stuck with cloves, a small piece of toasted bread, the bunch of sweet herbs, and peppercorns and salt. Let all simmer very gently till the giblets are quite tender. When cold, take off all the fat. If you wish it to be rich add two pounds of shin of beef.

*Another Way.*—Scald and clean a set or more of giblets;

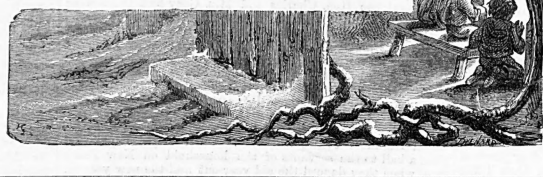
#### CHILDREN.

OH! the world were very dreary, oh! the world were very dark,  
And the souls that struggle upward to a high and God-like mark,  
They would stumble in their blindness on life's bleak and barren wild,  
Were the world not lit with faces, happy, pure, and undefiled.

No grander glory to the earth or suffering man was given,  
No manna to the hungering hosts came ever down from heaven,  
With half the sweetness that to us poor workers by the way,  
Come the young and holy faces beaming round us every day.

O angel ones! with such as ye we never can be poor;  
Ye teach us, for your own sweet sakes, to suffer and endure;  
Ye whisper, in this game of life there's something to be won:  
God bless ye, little children, for I love ye every one!

MATTHIAS BARR.



and further, this process tangles up the hair, and a great deal of it is broken and pulled out in trying to comb it straight again.

Very few persons pay any attention to the arrangement of their hair, so as to harmonize with their peculiar style of features and general personal appearance. Most women think of nothing but of dressing it according to the prevailing fashion—never considering how ludicrous a little woman appears in an enormous chignon, only proportionate to some tall Amazon; while a thin-faced woman combs back every individual hair stiffly from her face, rendering its angularity still more conspicuous; and a merry-faced girl wears hers puffed out about her visage, thus adding to its breadth. If the head is long, do not increase the length by pinning the chignon on a straight line with the front parting. If the head is high, that is if veneration is prominent at the top, arrange the hair so as to give the head breadth, and not height.

Curls are becoming to some persons, while upon others they are perfectly odious. In all cases it is best to give the hair the shape to which it naturally inclines. If it waves naturally over the forehead, don't brush it down flat and straight. If it inclines to lie smoothly on the front don't friz it artificially; the discrepancy is always apparent.

Shades of colour and form are very distinct in the different nations. For instance, the English and the German have many points of resemblance in common, and the national hue of their hair is fair or yellow. But the

The Duke of Hamilton, on the morning of the New Year, according to usual custom, ordered to be distributed the following gifts to the poor on his estate in Scotland: 2,560 loaves, 5,500lb. beef, and 600 packages of tea and sugar,



man was the lawful husband. The applicant: "He came and claimed her and brought his 'marriage lines.' I have four

that she has run me over head and ears in debt. I wish to know if I am liable?" Mr. Dayman: "Oh, yes; as she was living with you as your lawful wife you are responsible for her debts." The applicant left the court evidently much disappointed.

Yet another gun accident. At Sheerness, two boys, named Solly and Jarvis, each about thirteen years old, were playing in a shed, when Jarvis found a gun, and having placed a piece of detonating paper, used by children for firing toy pistols, on the nipple, pointed the piece at Solly. Unfortunately the gun was loaded, and the lad was mortally wounded. He was conveyed home and medical assistance at once procured, but he died in about an hour.

Mrs. Christian Jeffery, of Zeal Monochorum, has just died at the age of nearly 102; she was born on the 1st of January, 1767. On her 101st birthday she was seen wading through the deep snow as vigorously as a woman in the prime of life.

A young man twenty-two years of age has been brought before the magistrates at Bocking, in Essex, charged with having attempted to murder his sweetheart, a young girl named Francis. The evidence showed jealousy to be the motive for the crime, and the testimony of the prosecutrix and that of other witnesses having been taken, the prisoner was committed for trial.

According to the *Unità Cattolica*, Queen Isabella appointed in the course of her reign 519 Ministers, being at the rate of one in twenty-four days; 790 senators, or one in sixteen days; 1,385 brigades-gerales, or one in nine days; 291 nobles, or one in forty-five days; and has given 5,644 decorations, or one in every two days. And yet, adds the *Ultramontane* journal, the great majority of those who were thus honoured abandoned their Queen in forty-eight hours.

## The Sources of Beauty in Dress.

FROM MRS. BECHER STOWE'S "CHIMNEY CORNER."

THE first one is appropriateness. Colours and forms and modes, in themselves graceful or beautiful, can become ungraceful and ridiculous simply through inappropriateness. The most lovely bonnet that the most approved modiste can invent, if worn on the head of a coarse-faced woman, bearing a market-basket on her arm, excites no emotion but that of the ludicrous. The most elegant and brilliant evening dress, if worn in the daytime in a railroad car, strikes everyone with a sense of absurdity; whereas both these objects in appropriate associations would excite only the idea of beauty. So a mode of dress obviously intended for driving strikes us as *outré* in a parlour; and a parlour dress would no less shock our eyes on horseback. In short, the course of this principle through all varieties of form, colour, and circumstance, there is appropriateness to time, place, and character. This is the foundation of all our ideas of professional propriety in costume. One would not like to see a clergyman in his external air and appointments resembling a gentleman of the turf; one would not wish a refined and modest scholar to wear the outward air of a fast fellow; or an aged and venerable statesman to appear with all the peculiarities of a young dandy. The flowers, feathers, and furbelows which a light-hearted young girl of seventeen embellishes by the airy grace with which she wears them, are simply ridiculous when transferred to the toilet of her serious, well-meaning mamma, who bears them about with an anxious face, merely because a loggia-milliner has assured her, with many protestations, that it is the fashion, and the only thing remaining for her to do.

There are, again, modes of dress in themselves very beautiful and very striking, which are peculiarly adapted to theatrical representations and to pictures, but the adoption of which, as a part of unprofessional toilet, produces a sense of incongruity. A mode of dress may be in perfect taste on the stage that would be absurd in an evening party, absurd in the street, absurd, in short, everywhere else.

Now you come to my first objection to the present American toilet—it is being to a very great extent inappropriate to our climate, to our habits of life and thought, and to the whole structure of ideas on which our life is built. What we want, apparently, is some court of inquiry and adaptation that shall pass judgment on the fashions of other countries, and modify them to make them a graceful expression of our own national character and modes of thinking and living. The present fashions of women in Paris at this present hour make the fashions that rule the feminine world. They are women who live only for the senses, with as utter and obvious disregard of any moral or intellectual purpose to be answered in living as a parrot or a macaw. They have no family ties; love, in its pure domestic sense, is an impossibility in their lot; religion in any sense is another impossibility; and their whole intensity of existence, therefore, is concentrated on the question of sensuous enjoyment and that personal adornment which is necessary to secure it. When the great ruling country in the world of taste and fashion has fallen into such a state that the virtual leaders of fashion are women of this character, it is not to be supported that the fashions emanating from them will be of a kind well adapted to express the ideas, the thoughts, the state of society, of a great Christian democracy such as ours ought to be.

What is called, for example, the Pompadour style of dress, so much in vogue of late, we can see to be perfectly adapted to the kind of existence led by dissipated women, whose life is one revel of excitement; and who, never proposing to themselves any intellectual employment or any domestic duty, can afford to spend three or four hours every day under the hands of a waiting-maid, in alternately tangling and untangling their hair. Powder, paint, gold-dust and silver-dust, pomatums, cosmetics, are all perfectly appropriate where the ideal of life is to keep up a false show of beauty after the true bloom is wasted by dissipation. The woman who never goes to bed until morning, who never even dresses herself, who never takes a needle in her hand, who never goes to church, and never entertains one serious idea of duty of any kind, when got up in Pompadour style, has, to say the truth, the good taste and merit of appropriateness. Her dress expresses just what she is—all false, all arti-

ficial, all meretricious and unnatural; no part or portion of her from which it might be inferred what her Creator originally designed her to be.

But when a nice little American girl, who has been brought up to cultivate her mind, to refine her taste, to care for her health, to be a helpful daughter and a good sister; when a good, sweet, modest little puss of this kind combs all her pretty hair backward till it is one mass of frothy confusion; when she powders and paints under her eyes; when she adopts, with eager enthusiasm, every *outré*, unnatural fashion that comes from the most dissipated foreign circles, she is in bad taste, because she does not represent either her character, her education, or her good points. She looks like a second-rate actress, when she is, in fact, a most thoroughly respectable, estimable, lovable little girl, and on the way, as we poor fellows fondly hope, to bless some one of us with her tenderness and care in some nice home in the future.

It is not the fashion in America for young girls to have waiting-maids, in foreign countries it is the fashion. All this meretricious toilet—so elaborate, so complicated, and so contrary to nature—must be accomplished, and is accomplished, by the busy little fingers of each girl for herself; and so it seems to be very evident that a style of hairdressing which it will require hours to disentangle, which must injure, and in time ruin, the natural beauty of the hair ought to be one thing which a well-regulated court of inquiry would reject in our American fashions.

The genius of American life is for simplicity and absence of ostentation. We have no parade of office; our public men wear no robes, no stars, garters, collars, &c.; and it would, therefore, be in good taste in our women to cultivate simple styles of dress. Now I object to the present fashions, as adopted from France, that they are flashy and theatrical. Having their origin with a community whose senses are blunted, drugged, and deadened with dissipation and ostentation, they reject the simpler forms of beauty, and seek for startling effects, for odd and unexpected results. The contemplation of one of our fashionable churches, at the hour when its fair occupants pour forth, gives one a great deal of surprise. The toilet there displayed might have been in good keeping among showy Parisian women in an opera-house; but even their original inventors would have been shocked at the idea of carrying them into a church. The rawness of our American mind as to the subject of propriety in dress is nowhere more shown than in the fact that no apparent distinction is made between church and opera-house in the adaptation of attire. Very estimable, and, we trust, very religious young women sometimes enter the house of God in a costume which makes their utterance of the words of the Litany, and the acts of prostrate devotion in the service, seem almost burlesque. When a brisk little creature comes into a pew, with hair frizzed till it stands on end in a most startling manner, rattling strings of beads and bits of tinsel, mounting over all some pert little hat with a red or green feather standing saucily upright in front, she may look exceedingly pretty and *piquante*, and if she came there for a game of croquet or a *tableau-party* would be all in very good taste; but as she comes to confess that she is a miserable sinner, that she has done the things she ought not to have done, and left undone the things she ought to have done—as she takes upon her lips most solemn and tremendous words, whose meaning runs far beyond life into a sublime eternity—there is a discrepancy which would be ludicrous if it were not melancholy.

One is apt to think, at first view, that St. Jerome was right in saying:—

She who comes in glittering veil  
To mourn her frailty, still is frail.

But St. Jerome was in the wrong, after all; for a flashy, unsuitable attire in church is not always a mark of an undevout or entirely worldly mind; it is simply a mark of a raw, uncultivated taste. In Italy the ecclesiastical law prescribing a uniform black dress for the churches gives a sort of education to European ideas of propriety in toilet, which prevents churches from being made theatres for the same kind of display which is held to be in good taste at places of public amusement. It is but justice to the inventors of Parisian fashions to say, that had they ever had the smallest idea of going to church and Sunday-school, as our good girls do, they would immediately have devised toilets appropriate to such exigencies. If it were any part of the plan of life to appear stately in public, and to consider themselves "miserable sinners," we should doubtless have sent over here the designs of some graceful penitential habit, which would give our places of worship a much more appropriate air than they now have. As it is it would form a subject for such a court of inquiry and adaptation as we have supposed to draw a line between the costume of the theatre and the church.

In the same manner there is a want of appropriateness in the costume of our American women, who display in the street promenade a style of dress and adornment originally intended for showy carriage drives in such great exhibition grounds as the Bois de Boulogne. The makers of Parisian fashions are not generally walkers. They do not, with all their extravagance, have the bad taste to trail yards of silk and velvet over the mud and dirt of a pavement, or to promenade the street in a costume so pronounced and striking as to draw the involuntary glance of every eye; and the showy toilets displayed on the *paix* by American young women have more than once exposed them to misconception in the eyes of foreign observers.

Next to appropriateness, the second requisite to beauty in dress I take to be unity of effect. In speaking of the arrangement of rooms in the *House and Home Papers*, I criticised some apartments wherein were many showy articles of furniture, and much expense had been incurred, because, with all this, there was no unity of result. The carpet was costly, and in itself handsome; the paper was also in itself handsome and costly; and the tables and chairs also in themselves very elegant; and yet, owing to a want of any unity of idea, any grand, harmonising tint of colour or method of arrangement, the rooms had a jumbled, confused air, and nothing about them seemed particularly pretty or effective. I instance rooms where thousands of dollars had been spent which,

because of this defect, never excited admiration; and others in which the furniture was of the cheapest description, but which always gave immediate and universal pleasure. The same rule holds good in dress. As in every apartment, so in every toilet, there should be one ground-tone or dominant colour which should rule all the others, and there should be a general style of idea to which everything should be subjected.

We may illustrate the effect of this principle in a very familiar case. It is generally conceded that the majority of women look better in mourning than they do in their ordinary apparel; a comparatively plain person looks almost handsome in simple black. Now why is this? Simply because mourning requires a severe uniformity of colour and idea, and forbids the display of that variety of colours and objects which go to make up the ordinary female costume, and which very few women have such skill in using as to produce really beautiful effects.

## Ladies' Grievs.

IT is the good pleasure of men to abuse women's trains, and to heap on them various terms of derision and contempt. And yet, rightly considered, that yard or so of superfluous material is the emblem of something very high and noble. It may be assumed that the enumeration is as great an inconvenience to the wearer as it is to the revilers of the other sex—it must require both presence of mind and skill to gather it up promptly and successfully on coming to suspicious places; it must greatly impede any retrogressive movement; and it must weigh generally a good deal on the mind of the person in charge of it. Why, then, do women impose this infliction on themselves? Why do they not cut off their draperies within some inches of the ground, and walk the earth free and untrammelled? Because in every woman's heart exists a strong devotion to the beautiful, and she is willing to endure almost any hardship in the service of her divinity. Instead of reproach, gratitude is due to her for this, since in men this spirit has become altogether extinct, and they have so sacrificed the beautiful to the convenient that they have not hesitated to cast away their dignity of aspect, their comeliness—may, their very individuality. In their selfish determination to uphold the supreme sway of comfort, they have banded themselves together by a solemn covenant to excommunicate any man who shall venture in his own person to pay homage to the graceful or the picturesque. They have rendered contemporary art impossible—driving the painter and the sculptor back to the dim past, and limiting them to the inspiring influence of lay-figures, so that all life and bone are lacking in their works. At women they scoff unceasingly, declaring that woman is no true worshipper; for that, though she professes to cherish beauty, she often displays in her own adornments much that is monstrous and hideous, and is indeed merely offering incense to a false idol called fashion. Well, granting that, is not her adoration of fashion even more beneficial to the world than her veneration for beauty? Not that there is any antagonism between the two. What is fashion but change, experiment, progress? What are the nations that have no fashions? Look at the Eastern peoples. They attained very early a high standard of beauty in costume and art rose in their midst in fresh magnificence. But they would not admit fashion amongst them, and swore eternal allegiance to custom and tradition. So they furnished no new food to the eyes of their thinkers, and consequently with them art has sunk even to a lower ebb than with us; and every decade marks a further stage of its feebleness and inaction. Still, though the invariability of dress among the Orientals has been fatal to art, something may be pleaded in its behalf. Firstly, their dress is exceedingly beautiful, and, secondly, it is intimately associated with their religion or their social rules. As instances of this, the beard, the mode of wearing the hair, the turban, and the veil will occur to everyone. Then, also, another great obstacle to any radical alteration lies in the mobility of their garments and their capacity for small modifications. Their dress is not like ours, ready made, but consists chiefly of loose drapery, which each man folds about him according to his taste and the whim of the moment, so that there is some scope for the exhibition of taste and character. Yet the very facility thus afforded him for producing constant diversification seems to prevent him from attempting anything thoroughly different. It is as if a musician had got hold of a melody so adaptable to variations that he never thought of composing a new air. For us, however, to ape Eastern immutability in our dozen-pattern rigid coats and cylindrical head-gear is vastly absurd. There is nothing sacred, and certainly nothing beautiful, in our masculine attire; and instead of jeering at fashion, we should cheerfully acknowledge her merits and submit to her dictates. Let us accept her rule without demur, and never doubt her, even though at times she seems to sanction the grotesque and exaggerated. These are only moments of transition and tentation; or it may be the development of some brilliant conception, certain phases of which may appear uncouth and immature. In her vibrations, too, fashion will often, for a fleeting season, carry us back to some bygone age, revive our ancestors for us, show us what manner of men and women they were, and teach us to reflect, to inquire, and to eschew prejudice and scorn for the ways of our forefathers, since she proves to us that what we once were we may be again. Thus, making us feel that we move in a cycle, she establishes harmony between past, present, and future. Fashion is ever most stirring and vehement when there is the greatest mental—and above all the greatest political—activity. A woman will put on a *négligé* in hours of seclusion and repose; and will array herself in snowy white for her bridal; and for her evening festivity she will remove the uppermost portion of her dress and bare her arms. The same conditions result in the same efforts on communities and nations. They, too, will manifest in their vestments whether it be a period of lethargy, solemnity, work, or rejoicing. Remember the



dress of the ladies under Louis Philippe. How bourgeois, how Philistine, it was! What stiff, heavy materials were used, and how formally and meagrely they were shaped. How frightful was the arrangement of the hair in a bob, and two harsh, flat, side-bands. And how primness prevailed; deviation of an inch in the matter of waists and skirts being counted a crime. Look back to the Revolution, with its red caps, scarves, cockades, and wild innovations and vagaries of every kind. Look, again, over the way at our friends the Americans. See how rampant fashion is among them, and with what passion, exuberance, and recklessness they follow her every suggestion. Look back once more to the great Elizabethan age, and the glorious, gorgeous, costly, sterling splendour of its costume. Had those externals no influence on the minds of those then living? Were they not in themselves evidences of the large, rich, generous, grand natures of their devisers? Since, then, fashion is the sign of vigour, enterprise, and promise, let us be thankful that she is still upheld in the land by our wives and daughters; let us rejoice that the mothers of the coming generation are her faithful devotees. Let us gaze with hope on their high-heeled boots, with confidence on their jaunty hats; let us speak respectfully of their trains, and—avoid treading on them.—*Scotsman.*

#### ROMANCE IN REAL LIFE.

SEVERAL years ago a young lady in Tazewell County was wooed by a young man. He obtained her consent, and the consent of the old folks, but three days before the wedding she took a freak into her head and went off and married another man. The young man was heartbroken, and packed up his effects and went to New York City. There he had his grief, buried himself in business, and engaged in speculation, was successful, and became wealthy. A younger sister of the girl that had jilted him, moved by sympathy, commenced a correspondence with him to endeavour to mitigate his sorrow. The correspondence became interesting. The young girl grew up, and as years rolled on ripened into a great beauty. The sight of her photograph awakened in the young man's bosom the love that he had supposed crushed for ever, and he proposed to her and was accepted. Her father was a widower, and was anxious to get married himself as soon as his daughter was out of the way, so he urged the match forward. The means of the lover now admitted a brilliant wedding, and preparations were made for it. They were to be married last Wednesday in style, and depart immediately for New York City. A few days ago the expectant bride received a letter from her betrothed stating that he had entered into a speculation that would keep him in the city, so that he could not possibly be with her at the time appointed, and asking her to delay the ceremony for a day or two. He also referred to the time when he had expected to be united with her sister. Provoked to think that he still remembered his former love, the young lady wrote him in a passion, and sitting down wrote also to a cousin of her own, a farmer in Iowa, who had long loved her, telling him that she had broken her engagement, relating the circumstances to him, and ended by saying that she was all ready to be married, and if he would come and be there at the time set for her wedding she would marry him. He complied. Her betrothed in New York, astonished to receive her letter, closed up his business as best he could, and came to Tazewell County by the next train. He reached the little village where she lived and was hastening up to the house to fulfil his engagement, when he was met by some of his friends and told that his bride had just been married to another man. He fainted away on the spot and was taken to the hotel. When the bride was told of it she was overwhelmed with remorse, but it was then too late. She was legally married to her cousin. The New Yorker, twice heart-broken, left for his home without seeing her, and she passed through this city yesterday, on her way to an Iowa farm, looking very dejected, and like anything but a bride.—*Pooria (Ill.) Transcript.*

Mrs. Bloomer, of dress reform notoriety, now lives at Omaha, U.S.

What is the difference between killed soldiers and repaired garments?—The first are dead men, the second are men-*dead.*

A serious gas explosion occurred on Tuesday night at Brixton, in the house of a gentleman named Taylor. Some of the people in the house having stated that there was a smell of gas, Mr. Taylor took a candle and went over the house to find where the leakage was. He found it only too easily. A room which had been closed was full of gas, and soon as Mr. Taylor opened the door, with his lighted candle, an explosion took place, which blew out several of the windows of the house, and severely burnt Mr. Taylor, who had to be taken to the hospital. On Wednesday morning it was reported that there was very little hope of his recovery. He is 64 years of age.

A NEW YORK SHOP.—On the 30th of November the latest addition to Stewart's retail dry-goods store, Broadway, New York, was opened to the public. This establishment, which claims to be the largest in the world, now covers two acres. The building is six stories high, and has a basement and sub-basement below ground; the steam boilers to raise the elevators are under the sidewalk. The basement is used for the sale of oilcloths. The first storey is the saleroom for nearly every kind of dry and fancy goods, except carpets, cloaks, shawls, and millinery. From the centre of the storey rises, to the height of 100ft., the great dome, topped by a flat sky-light. It leaves a space 60ft. in length in the middle of the remaining floors. Each of the higher floors is devoted to its own class of goods, and every floor has its washing-rooms and saloons for the use of the customers. All the gas jets are lighted simultaneously by an electric battery, producing a most brilliant effect. Those upon the pillars of the dome have just been placed. The entire interior is white, the monotony being amply relieved by the brilliant colours of the goods; the ceilings are all to be frescoed. The view of each entire floor will be obstructed only by the numerous columns. These are of iron, and are adorned upon each of the four faces with alto-reliefs of Cupids and with vases of flowers. Six hundred clerks, male and female, are employed in the various sale departments, and six hundred women are occupied in the preparation of clothing. The house contains a population equal to that of a small town.

### The Humourist.

#### CONS. FOR THE SEASON.

What is the end of good investments?—The divid-end.  
When is a boat like a heap of snow?—When it is a-drift.  
When is echo like a visiting acquaintance?—When she returns your call.  
Why is the figure 9 like a peacock?—Because it's nothing without its tail.  
Why is St. Paul's like a certain bird's nest?—Because it was built by a Wren.  
Why is a silk dress the most appropriate for walking in?—Because it is not satin (sat in).  
Why is a bad physician like an ill-tempered man?—Because he is apt to lose his patients.  
Why are the arrows of Cupid like a man in an ague fit?—Because they are all in a quiver.  
Why is an oculist like an extemporaneous versifier?—Because he can improve eyes (improvises).  
Why is a French franc of no value compared with an English shilling?—Because it is worth-*less.*  
Why is fashionable society like a warming-pan?—Because it is highly polished, but very hollow.  
Which is the most profitable business?—Shoemaking, because every pair of shoes are sold before they are finished.  
Why is a lover who composed a pretty sonnet to the features of his adored one like a soldier?—Because he knows how to write about face.  
Why should underwriters realise large fortunes during the reign of the Queen?—Because while Regina reigns there will be no Rex (wrecks).  
If you don't guess this, why are you like an industrious cobbler?—Because you will stick at the last.



THE "MAN OF THE PERIOD."



THE YOUNG MAN FROM THE COUNTRY.

A crafty man—A sea captain.  
The latest fashion—Nightcaps.  
All flowers of speech spring from tail-pipes.  
A movement in real estate—An earthquake.  
The Winter's Tale—The beginning of spring.  
A willing prisoner—A man locked in slumber.  
Toast of female suffrage—The chignon at the poll.  
Which is the longest rope in the world?—Ea-rope.  
The Knell of Time—The starting bell of a locomotive.  
The lady who husbanded her means was a single woman.  
Why women are often sinners—Because they sew so many tares.  
Why would lawyers make good soldiers?—Because they know how to charge.  
When a bird's wing is broken by a fowler, can it be said to have a defective flew?  
A mantle always in fashion, but unfortunately one not much worn—The mantle of charity.  
"Sambo, why am dat nigger down de hole ob de boat like a chicken in de egg?"—"I gives um up."—"Cause he couldn't git out if it wasn't for de hatch."  
Mrs. Rugge, a widow, having taken Mr. Price for her second husband, and being asked how she liked the change, replied, "Oh, I got rid of my old rug for a good price."

"Do you think I have a small waist?" inquired a young wife of her husband. "Small waste!" replied the husband, eyeing the extensive trail; "it may be a small waist to encircle, but a large waste to support!"

"I am afraid you have a settled melancholy," said a landlady to a cadaverous lodger. "No, madam," he replied; "my melancholy won't settle; like your coffee, it has too much grounds."

Why is a man in front of a crowd likely to be well supported?—Because he has the "press" at his back.

The panier dress is now called the "dromedary" style in New York.

(From the *Free Lance*.)

A HIGHWAY MAN.—The keeper of a turnpike.

DISTRICT VISITORS.—Tax-collectors.

A FAINT RECOLLECTION.—Coming out of a swoon.

A GRAND JUNCTION.—Getting married.

WANTED TO KNOW.—Whether ghostly counsel may be expected in a skeleton sermon.

(From *Fun*.)

A-HOY.—What inmate of the deep—or suppose we say the shallows—makes most stir in the world? The oy-ster.

Out in the cold. Those who predicted skating at Christmas.

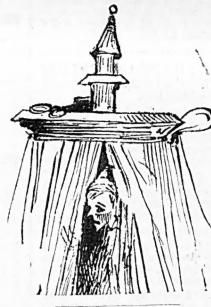
A Yankee view of the classics.—A very one-horse affair.—The taking of Troy.

(From *Punch*.)

RESIDENCE FOR THE CLERK OF THE WEATHER.—"The Clearing-House."

"Oh, the Mistletoe Bough!" (Old song).—Greengrocer, Jun. (to whom our little friend in velvet has applied for a piece of mistletoe for his own private diversion). "I've got yer a bit, Master George. It ain't a very big piece, but there's lots o' berries on it; an' it's the berries as does it!!!"

THEATRICAL.—Mr. Burnand's new burlesque, now playing at the Haymarket, is called *The Frightful Hair*. Does this mean the chignon?



BREAKFAST.—A SUCCESSFUL EXPERIMENT.—The *Civil Service Gazette* has the following:—"There are very few simple articles of food which can boast so many valuable and important dietary properties as cocoa. While acting on the nerves as a gentle stimulant, it provides the body with some of the purest elements of nutrition, and at the same time corrects and invigorates the action of the digestive organs. These beneficial effects depend in a great measure upon the manner of its preparation, but of late years such close attention has been given to the growth and treatment of cocoa that there is no difficulty in securing it with every quality fully developed. The singular success which Mr. Epps obtained by his homoeopathic preparation of cocoa has never been surpassed by any experimentalist. Far and wide the reputation of Epps's cocoa has spread by the simple force of its own extraordinary merits. Medical men of all shades of opinion have agreed in recommending it as the safest and most beneficial article of diet for persons of weak constitutions. This superiority of a particular mode of preparation over all others is a remarkable proof of the great results to be obtained from little causes. By a thorough knowledge of the natural laws which govern the operations of digestion and nutrition, and by a careful application of the fine properties of well-selected cocoa, Mr. Epps has provided our breakfast tables with a delicately-flavoured beverage which may save us many heavy doctors' bills. It is by the judicious use of such articles of diet that a constitution may be gradually built up until strong enough to resist every tendency to disease. Hundreds of subtle maladies are floating around us ready to attack wherever there is a weak point. We may escape many a fatal shaft by keeping ourselves well fortified with pure blood and a properly nourished frame."

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The *Court Circular*, of Saturday, October 24, says:—"An important discovery has just been made, that Cocoa, peculiarly prepared, forms the best and most nutritious food for animals of all descriptions. The experience of all consumers proves that horses, cows, or pigs, who partake of this food, mixed along with their other provender, are in a much healthier condition, yield more produce, and are less liable to disease than cattle fed in the ordinary manner. Another great advantage is that by its use a considerable saving is effected. We recommend our readers to give the new condiment called the 'Nutritious Cocoa Extract' a fair trial, as we are sure, while they benefit pecuniarily, their animals will physically improve. The proprietors are the North British Cattle Food Company, of 173, Bishopsgate-street, E.C., who will be glad to forward a sample of 250 feeds for 10s., or 1,000 feeds for 34s."

"HAVING used your Pain Killer in my own family, and been intimately acquainted with its extensive use in Australia for thirteen years, witnessing in numerous instances its marvellous power over disease, I was led on my return to advise its use among my neighbours and friends, and it is now extensively used here, and giving entire satisfaction.—MRS. CHEYNE, Woodside, Aberdeen, October 22, 1867.—To P. D. & S., 17, Southampton-row, Holborn."

HOLLOWAY'S PILLS.—With the darkening days and changing temperatures the digestion becomes impaired, the liver disordered, and the mind respondent, unless the cause of the irregularities be expelled from the blood and body by an alterative like these pills. They go directly to the source of the evil, thrust out all impurities from the circulation, reduce distempered organs to their natural state, and correct all defective or contaminated secretions. Such easy means of instituting health, strength, and cheerfulness should be in the possession of all whose stomachs are weak, whose minds are much harassed, or whose brains are overworked. Holloway's is essentially a blood-tempering medicine, whereby its influence, reaching the remotest fibre of the frame, effects a universal good.



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Of the boys, upwards of thirty have left, and are all occupying respectable situations, but in order to meet the necessity which exists for the boys having a more extended sphere of employment, the Committee have lately, at special cost, added to the industrial element by building workshops for teaching bookbinding and tailoring, which, though a temporary expense, will, it is hoped, soon prove a source of great saving to the Institution. These additions in connexion with unavoidable sanitary alterations, press heavily upon the funds, and the Committee trust that the benevolent hearted will generously contribute to a work which has by its results proved itself worthy of their warm sympathy and support, and which promises to become a charity as beneficial to the public by producing industrious servants as it is invaluable to the children in the benefits they receive.

CONTRIBUTIONS towards the recent alterations, and for the maintenance of the children, are earnestly solicited, and will be thankfully received by the officers, as under.

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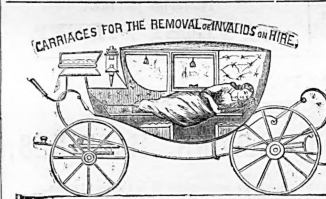
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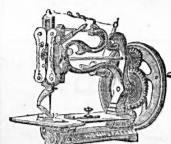
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